THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.
1871.

September.

LA BRIANZA;

OR, THE VILLEGGIATURA.

GOLDONI, in one of his comedies, represents Signora Costanza, a lady of fashion, as selling two pairs of sheets, one Flanders table-cloth, and two dozen napkins, in order to purchase a new dress for the *Villeggiatura*, while Vittoria, ambitious of creating a furor during this fashionable season, attempts to effect a loan with Paolo, her man-servant, who is already in arrears for six months of his salary.

Though this may savor somewhat of the extravagance of comedy, yet, so far as it relates to a fashionable mania, it is substantially true at the present day. What the watering-place is to the American *beau monde*, the *villeggiatura* is to the Italian.

I dare say that this village life is not so relishing to the foreigner as to the native, though I am inclined to think one reason may be, that he ordinarily rents his villa, instead of owning it.

Now an Italian villa "To Let" is a palatial structure with a vagabond air, which is christened a palace, but looks like a prison. There is a gateway fit for a triumphal arch, or worthy of a king's palace, with the number of the narrow *vicolo* rudely expressed upon one of its marble columns in the most primitive characters, with the reddest of paint. Then comes a court or a garden, occasionally well kept, but generally, on the *laissez faire* principle, allowed to keep itself. The legitimate result is a tangled undergrowth of iridescent flower and sweet-scented shrub, rioting in tropical luxuriance; just what you would have expected in Eden if Adam had been a shiftless gardener. There are fountains without water, which appears to be their normal condition, though the *padrone* assures you that they were once in running order, but the supply-pipe is stopped up and he has not had time to repair it; to which you mentally add, "And never will." There are deserted fish-ponds where sundry generations of frogs make night vocal, if not musical. There are pedestals where once were statues, with an occasional weather-stained, moss-grown torso as a melancholy memorial of departed glories. The gods of Olympus have abdicated. Neptune has lost his trident, Ceres her cornucopia. Here is old Triton minus his sea-trumpet, and there a sylvan faun without his tuneful reed.

And yet over and above all this Nature throws an inexpressible charm. How the grasses and the grape-vines exult over the ruins of the beautiful mosaics! How the oranges and lemons luxuriate in the golden sunshine! How the venerable fig-trees stretch out their great benevolent arms and shower down their grateful benedictions! The stately funeral cypress nods majestically. The compassionate ivy clings lovingly to the moldering ruin as if in very charity; while the somber olive, knotted and gnarled, seems consciously imbued with a portion of the Divine sorrows of Gethsemane. There is something solemn and impressive in all this, the strange solemnity that characterizes ruin and decay.

Then, too, there are artificial grottoes that you would dare affirm had been built by the great Architect himself—beautiful vistas terminating in fountains, or statues, or frescoes, with another vista, it may be, in perspective, along which your eye travels for leagues beyond the garden wall—broad and shady terraces commanding such glimpses of sky and sea, with marble slab or rustic seat at every commanding point, so that even the most inveterate lounger

may not lose a single feature of the charming landscape. And now comes the villa. Grated windows and heavily barred doors frown upon you from every side. Water-pipes ramble along the walls, over the doors, and across the windows in the most erratic manner. There is a lightning-rod, perhaps, admirably adapted for attracting the electric fluid, but making no special provision for it thereafter. Why should it? In Italy the lightning knows how to take care of itself. The chimneys, instead of standing upright at once, creep timidly along the roof, from the cornice to the ridge, like so many centipedes, and there erect their smoky crests as if taking their future bearings; while, here and there, a supplementary stove-pipe thrusts itself out of a window, or through a faded fresco or beautiful pilaster, in a way that, to say the least, is very unbecoming.

You look in vain for the knob to the door-bell. Presently you see a rusty wire or super-annuated clothes-line running along the exterior wall, which you pull at a venture, uncertain whether it will procure you admittance or give you a shower-bath. Should there happen to be a bell at the other end, a servant girl eyes you through a port-hole, seeing but unseen, like Æneas in the cloud. If the inspection is satisfactory there is a mysterious click and the door flies open. On entering, you cast a furtive glance behind it, expecting to see the porter, but see instead another wire or rope running along the interior wall to some point in those upper regions not far from the port-hole. If it is night, an invisible head pops out of an upper window in answer to your summons, and sings out, "*Chi c'è?*"—who 's there?—and, if the response is calculated to inspire confidence, there is the same mysterious click. But your difficulties have just begun. It is dark as Erebus. There is no friendly hall lamp

"To light you on your dim and perilous way."

To be sure you can strike a light with a match if you have one, or you can wait for the servant to descend several flights of stairs, if you have the patience and are not afraid, or you may commence the ascent on all fours to be quite sure that you are not going down cellar. In any case, you will most likely be out of breath when you arrive at the top; for the Italians, in the construction of their houses, go upon the principle that every landed proprietor owns from the earth's center to the stars.

You are repaid, however, for the ascent by being introduced into a suit of rooms that are really palatial. Here are frescoes worthy of a Cornelius or an Overbeck—*salons* of which knightly revelers would have been proud as banqueting halls. Marble, marble every-where! marble steps, marble balustrades, marble seats, marble floors—the same rude wood-work and rough iron fastenings, the same old air of elegance and discomfort every-where. Here is a grotto—a grotto in a palace—where you may imagine yourself cool in dog-days, and thus economize your ices; here is a meridian room, where you can tell the hour for luncheon without a chronometer, and travel with the sun in his annual journey through the constellations. And last, if not least, here is a private chapel, with Virgin and child, altar and crucifix, candle and *prie-dieu*, devoted by some heretical Protestant to the profane uses of a lumber-room.

Ten days' leave of absence, and away for the mountains! The *Villeggiatura* is just in its prime. Summer is ripening into a mellow Autumn. Every body has the villa fever, and we too have become a not unwilling victim to the prevailing epidemic.

In these days when we have become so familiar with steam as a post-horse, and the lightning as a courier, there is nothing very novel in a railroad ride; and yet railroading in Italy is not without its agreeable surprises. In many respects you are at once transported back to the middle ages, and sometimes farther. You see agricultural implements, such as you would expect to find in an illustrated edition of Hesiod's Works and Days; the most primitive of carts, laden and dripping with the purple vintage, to which dun-colored, meek-eyed oxen are attached in the most primitive manner; peasants thrashing out their corn with antiquated flails or treading the wine-press with bare feet and naked legs, blood-red and wine-stained, though otherwise in a state of nature, if not of original purity. This primitive method of expressing the juice of the grape, they tell us, greatly improves the quality of the wine, as the naked foot does not crush the grape-stone, to say nothing of the added flavor and bouquet.

Besides, such a railroad ride is not without its practical suggestions. Locomotives without cow-catchers, and cultivated fields without fences—this is certainly an advance upon our Western economics, where cattle perambulate at pleasure, with a charter broad as the prairies—where geese are enfranchised with a yoke, and where, it is even said, the pigs of thriftless farmers are so lean and attenuated that they must submit to the unpleasant operation of having knots tied in their tails to prevent them from crawling through their miserable worm fences.

He who should succeed in abolishing fences

in America, together with the customs which now render them necessary, would prove a public benefactor. What an amount of labor and capital is thus uselessly expended! Now a Western farmer's first and greatest care is to surround his farm, be it large or small, with a fence, as a standing protest against the frequent raids of his neighbor's live stock. It would be an interesting and valuable contribution to statistics—which I propose leaving to some enterprising statistician—to make an estimate of what it is going to cost to fence in the United States, including Alaska, and then run a partition line between every man's quarter section. To this might be added a further estimate of how much less it costs to fence a porker *in*, than to fence him *out*.

Besides, in an æsthetic point of view, one may well entertain serious doubts with regard to the civilizing tendencies of cattle and swine allowed to run at large, uprooting and destroying every green and goodly thing.

And then these solid stone bridges, these splendid viaducts, this admirable contrivance by means of which each train telegraphs its own approach to the several stations—the frequent guards with signal flags and horns, stationed all along the line almost within speaking distance, what a homily they would read American railroad managers, who are contributing so much toward keeping down an excess of population in the States!

It costs something, too, to enjoy such a luxury here among the Apennines. These interminable tunnels, where the anvils of Vulcan ring with such a deafening uproar, represent an enormous expenditure of brain, muscle, and money. How Italy can afford such railroads, some of which, as the Cornice running from Genoa to Spezia, are nearly one-half tunnel bored through solid rock, is a marvel to travelers.

Descending into the plain, thick rows of sallows and Lombardy poplars bespeak the humidity of the soil. In the more elevated and drier localities, the mulberry flourishes in great luxuriance, and yet does not appear to interfere in the least with the undergrowth of ripening grain, for, when the latter is approaching maturity, and needs the sunlight and heat, the foliage of the former is being rapidly consumed and converted into silk in some neighboring cocoonery. You would not say that the long rows of stripped and naked mulberry-trees contributed particularly to the beauty of the landscape, and yet you would not fail to be struck, nevertheless, with their apparent solicitude and self-sacrifice for the welfare of the humbler undergrowth of millet and maize. The flat and marshy plain of Lombardy with its wonderful system of irrigation, every-where intersected with transverse and longitudinal cuts and canals, gives one an impression of extreme fertility and apparent unhealthiness, but then if they breed malaria and intermittents, they produce also luxuriant meadows which soon re-appear in succulent sirloin steaks, yellow heaps of golden butter, and towering pyramids of the celebrated Parmesan and Stracchino.

As we neared Milan a bevy of peasant girls with short skirts and wooden sandals were rollicking with a party of soldiers just outside of the city walls. My impression was that they had taken their first lessons in maidenly modesty from some dashing trooper, and acquired their notions of propriety and morality in the unfriendly atmosphere of a barrack.

The cathedral! My evil genius has been tempting me for the last half hour to commit the indiscretion of attempting a description of this eighth wonder of the world, as Manzoni styles it. It is true I might give dimensions in linear or square feet. I might enumerate the details of the architecture, of façade and dome, turret and spire, aisle and transept, altar and choir, monolith and intercolumniation, even to the elaborate fretwork of the roof, or the ornamental details of the flying buttresses; but is not all this written in Murray? In the presence of the ages, of this wonderful pile with its three thousand statues, and niches for half as many more, details appear profane. There it stands, as it has stood for centuries, ever approaching completion, and never completed, its golden tints mellowed by age, and yet ever renewing itself in the freshness of eternal youth and immortal beauty. How discords harmonize in these grand old cathedrals! the nasal chanting and genuflections at the high altar, the responses of the choir, the whisperings of the confessional, the thunder peals of the organ, the chattering of thoughtless tourists, the mechanical harangues of *cicerone*, the tinkling of bells, and the muttering of *pater nosters;* and yet all this does not appear to disturb in the least the intermittent devotion of the Catholic worshiper, nor would it seriously disturb yours; for amid these ample breadths and airy heights there dwells eternal harmony.

Milan is the Paris of Italy. And here was the seat of the fickle goddess, Fashion, before she transferred it to the gay French capital. Mediolanum, the old Roman city of the "half-fleecy sow," in process of time, became Milano, the city of milaners or milliners.

And Monza is her Versailles. Here Prince Umberto and the Princess Margherita are enjoy-

ing the *Villeggiatura* and spending their royal honeymoon. The associations of the place are full of inspiration for the princely pair, and we doubt not that the beautiful and amiable Margherita will emulate the virtues of the good Theodolinda, to whom, according to tradition, Pope Gregory, in acknowledgment of her noble qualities of mind and heart, presented the celebrated iron crown.

Stopping to dine at a hotel, which shall be nameless here for fear that Murray may get it into the next edition of his guide-book, we found the eggs both bad and dear. When the waiter, in white cravat and dress coat, presented the bill, which he held very daintily between the tips of his fingers, I took occasion to call his attention to this singular fact. But who ever found an Italian servant without a ready and plausible excuse for the greatest atrocities committed in his humble sphere? So in this case, the waiter very ingeniously, and half confidentially explained this remarkable coincidence on this wise:

"Those eggs are dear, signor, because they 're half chickens—*mezzo pollastri*."

Not having seen it before in that particular light, I quietly acquiesced in the payment of the bill, consoling myself with the thought that if they were dear as eggs they were correspondingly cheap for chickens, though I was not altogether able to suppress a latent preference for an edible that was more decidedly "one thing or t'other."

From Monza to Monticello you take a carriage. I think I must have selected my driver from a hungry crowd of clamorous competitors for the post, because he and his turn-out appeared, on the whole, to be the most picturesque. A straw hat shaped like a barley-mow, and illustrated with a peacock's feather, set off to good advantage a face that would have been worthy of a brigand. His horse was as fine a living illustration of Don Quixote's Rosinante as I ever remember to have seen, while what he called his carriage—*carrozza*—was precisely what you would have expected of the parson's "one-horse shay" just before it reached the final crisis of a general breakdown. The rope harness was elaborately embossed by unskilled workmen, that in the hands of such a cynic as Diogenes, and minus the feathers, would have answered to Plato's definition of a man.

It had been raining almost incessantly for the last ten days, and was raining still. Before starting our driver brought out a bundle of straw, tucked a wisp or two of it under the headstall of his horse's bridle—I suspect to keep the animal dry—the remainder he arranged upon his seat and sat upon it, I suppose to keep himself dry. And thus we drove off in magnificent style from the railway station, right in the wake of one of the prince's carriages with outriders in livery, which, to my mind, in an artistic point of view, suffered materially from the contrast.

The weather in Italy, as elsewhere, is the unfailing introduction to a conversation; and so our driver, by way of breaking the ice, remarked, "*Piove sempre*." (It rains always.)

This certainly was nothing new. That mythical personage, the oldest inhabitant, of whom we have heard so much and seen so little, is very positive that there has been nothing like it since the Deluge. But being in a social and somewhat inquisitive vein, we accepted this friendly overture, and knowing how much nearer people seem to come together who call each other by their Christian names, and not wishing to appear so impertinent as to ask, or so ignorant as not to know, we were in a quandary. At length we decided that if it was not Baccicia*—John the Baptist—it ought to be, as that appears to be the characteristic *soubriquet* hereabouts of every Italian peasant you do not know. So we called him Baccicia, and as he took to it kindly we proceeded to ascertain his personal views on a great variety of subjects.

In truth, the distinctive life of a people must ever be sought for and studied among its peasantry. The city every-where approximates, more or less, to Paris. In the busy commingling of foreign elements it loses its peculiar characteristics. Its language, customs, costumes, its social, political, and religious life are all modified, if not transformed. These, if found at all in their native purity, can only be found among the rural population.

"Piove sempre!" screamed a parrot as we rattled through one of the many villages which were strung along the road like beads upon a necklace. All the world was under an umbrella. And even this poor disconsolate bird had caught up the querulous refrain of universal complaint. At length, Yankee inquisitiveness and Italian vivacity succumb alike to the relentless rain. Vitalized interrogation points grow monosyllabic. The peacock's feather droops mournfully, and the mercurial Baccicia, his elastic spirits gone down to zero, sits there upon his nest of straw, silent and contemplative, like some venerable hen in the act of incubation.

Just before reaching Casate, Rosinante cast a shoe, which required half an hour and the combined efforts of four men to replace it. We

* Pronounced Batcheetcha, like a sneeze of three syllables.

mention this, not by way of intimation that our sorry steed was either restive or vicious, but as a striking illustration of the cheap and supernumerary character of human labor in Italy. Baccicia held the bridle-bit, No. 2 supported the hoof; the farrier-in-chief fitted the shoe and drove the nails, while No. 4 grasped and lazily switched the tail, doubtless from the force of a habit acquired during the fly season, but for which there was now no manner of use, as the rain came pouring down in torrents. After three years' residence in Italy, I have yet to see the first Italian farrier shoeing a horse without one or more attendants, one of whom invariably holds and engineers the horse's foot. He has yet to learn, like his Yankee *confrère*, to supplement his hands with his legs.

As silent spectators of this interesting scene, ranged along a garden wall at regular intervals, on the opposite side of the little square, were certain ridiculous statuettes in terra cotta, whose enormous heads were out of all proportion to their diminutive bodies, and which otherwise were executed in a *bizarre* style of art, that would have reflected credit upon the bass-reliefs of an old Norman cathedral.

Baccicia, either to make up for lost time or inspired by a score or more of handsome eyes that peered from open door and window, or it may be from a professional pride of horsemanship, which is by no means peculiar to the Italians—and which is ever ambitious of cutting a fine figure when conscious of feminine observation—our driver, I say, from some one or all of these considerations, straightened himself up in his seat, gathered up the lines, and after flourishing his whip in most magnificent style, gave Rosinante a terrible cut in the only tender locality that still remained to the superannuated animal. There was a sudden lunge forward, a simultaneous snapping of one of the rope traces, which were never intended for such a sudden strain, and we were brought to an ignominious stand-still. Then followed shouts of derisive laughter, interspersed with occasional hisses, an ovation which every body seemed to relish more heartily than he for whom it was specially intended. The peacock's feather trembled visibly. Baccicia, paralyzed with rage and mortification, hesitated a moment, as if uncertain whether he could do justice to the occasion, and then—"Sacr-r--r-a-men-to!"

You know how an Italian can roll the r when he is decidedly angry. It comes out as from a catapult, and whizzes like a sky-rocket. I had often heard this imprecation before, but never pronounced with such decided emphasis, nor had I ever before comprehended its real significance as thus abbreviated, until I heard Baccicia, as, in a transport of rage, he belabored the poor Rosinante about the head and ears with the butt-end of his whip, culminate in this terrible climax of malediction: "*Corpo di Bacco! mori senza il sacramento!*"—body of Bacchus, may you die without the sacrament!

We began to think we should not see the Brianza in the plenitude of her beauty, but a moment after there was a rift in the heavy overhanging cloud, and a great golden bar of sunshine projected itself along the broad and noble avenue, transforming the dull gray road into a radiant zone of light, and illuminating the dripping foliage above and around us with such magical effect, that each separate leaf, with its pendulous rain-drops, flashed in the sunlight like a magnificent emerald surrounded with brilliants on either side. The white hawthorn hedge bursts into wild and precipitate song; as if its hidden orchestra, hitherto silent, or only chanting a low miserere, but now exulting in the gladdening ray, had suddenly broke forth in some grand oratorio, while the beautiful Brianza, slowly emerging from the dissolving mists into the expanding sunshine, and every-where glistening with rain-drops, appears all the more lovely, like a beautiful woman in tears.

La Brianza is generally understood to include the hilly district between the Adda and the Lambro, extending from Lecco to Monza, and on the west of the Lambro, from Arosio to Como, and then skirting along the sub-alpine spurs, stretches from the Lake of Como to Lake Lecco. The district takes its name from the Monte di Brianza, upon whose summit, in the olden time, a signal bell sounded out the tocsin of alarm, and, like the signal fires of the Baradello, roused the neighboring population to arms on the approach of a foreign foe. It is the favorite Summer resort of the Milanese gentry and nobility, and, what some readers will care more to know, produces the finest silk of Lombardy. It is a secluded spot, around which whirls and eddies the tide of foreign travel, but which has hitherto preserved a comparative innocence of tourists and guide-books, and, as we shall soon see, of first-class hotels. Those dear, delightful guides, bound in red muslin, in which so many travelers make the tour of Europe, reading descriptions of what they never see, are here almost unknown. And yet the Brianza is none the less delightful for all that. Your first impression is, that you are driving through some vast and beautiful park, with its splendid avenues of plane-tree and horse-chestnut, and hedges of the *carpani* and white hawthorn; the finely varied landscape, dotted with

villas and sparkling with spires, with groves of the oak and elm, cypress and fir in the foreground, and the blue hills and snow-capped mountains beyond; and if you ever recover from your first impression, then it is all this and something more.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S STORY.

"SIT down, sir, and make yourself comfortable. Sorry I can't offer you a cigar, but our rules, you know, forbid smoking."

We had just entered the little office of the "Egyptian Powder Manufacturing Company." An hour's sight-seeing tour about the mills, with my present *vis-à-vis*, the obliging superintendent, for guide and expounder, had quite reconciled me to the slight railway accident which had detained me in the village. The next train was not yet due, and I lingered, loth to part company with my genial new acquaintance, who was, in his way, as pleasant a study to me as the unfamiliar machinery and processes he had so carefully explained. In stature he was almost colossal, with a corresponding muscular development and massive head. Even his features, when in repose, seemed to partake of the heavy expression of his general physique, and a stranger was quite unprepared for the swift play of shrewd intelligence and human sympathy, which softened and lighted every outline when he spoke.

He had been in the establishment, as he told me, since the age of fifteen, having entered as a charcoal-burner, and for twelve years had been in charge of the works. The evident reciprocal sympathy and respect between master and workmen, with the total absence of any thing like affectation or condescension in his pleasant manner toward all, interested me in no small degree as showing a nature unspoiled by promotion, and storing in the memory of its own earlier experiences a sinking fund on which to base that discriminating judgment necessary to its broader relations.

"Do you have many accidents?" I asked.

"Well, yes, a good many men have been blown up here, first and last."

"Do you never feel afraid for yourself?"

"Afraid? Never!" with an odd smile. "It's with handling powder like any thing else. There are certain regulations; if these are followed all is safe enough. But if a man is disposed to be careless, the sooner he gets his life insured the better for any body who happens to be dependent on him.

"I took one poor fellow to the city last week to see a surgeon. He begged so hard to go that I had not the heart to refuse, although I knew well enough it could be of no use. I expect to hear of his death any day, and a hard thing it will be to break to his old mother. Jack is her only child, and she came down here from the backwoods on purpose to be with him.

"I was at dinner when the flash came, and rushed out just in time to see him run from the mill, and sink down rolling and screaming. The boys got his burnt clothes off, and rubbed him all over with a mixture we always keep on hand, then they carried him home. Strange how some of these people show their grief! After the first shock his mother did not speak a word. There was nothing that she could do for him, and she sat down by the bed—she must be seventy years old—and lit her pipe, and rolled out such heavy clouds of smoke that one could scarcely see her face, but every minute or two a big tear rolled down and fell upon the floor. I tell you, sir, 't was a desperately hard thing to look at!

"Another man was blown up at the same time who only lived three hours after. He kept crying out that he was freezing. It is almost a sure sign of death when they complain of cold—the effect of the saltpeter in the blood. The strange thing is, that they keep their senses to the very last. This man had been married only four weeks. He had been working in the refinery before, where there is no danger, but the work is harder. He came to me and asked for a place in the black mill. 'I can give you one,' I said, 'but I don't know as I want to, Joe.' But he urged it until I let him go in. He told his wife that he was in no danger, and when he was dying that seemed to trouble him more than any thing else. Over and over he would say, 'It's a judgment on me because I lied to Jenny.'"

The door opened a little way, and two very bright eyes peered in from beneath a mass of yellow curls.

"Come in, Dicky," called my companion, and in answer to the summons a beautiful boy of some three or four years bounded in, and, springing upon his knee, began an eager investigation of his pockets. The result of the search seemed eminently satisfactory, and while the little fellow sat contentedly munching sundry sweet spoils, the superintendent encircled him tenderly with his arm, and turned again to me.

"This youngster belongs to the whole 'Egyptian,'" he said. "Not a man in the place would see a hair of his head harmed. Tell the gentleman your name, Dick."

"Richard Andrew Greyson Egyptian Powder Company," answered the child, with the air of repeating a well-conned lesson.

"Well done," cried the superintendent, patting the child's chubby shoulders, with a great, heartsome laugh. Then, in response to my inquiring look, he said, "I might tell you a long story, full of sentiment and all that, as any you can find in books, and better than some of those, for being all true."

"I wish I might dare to trespass so much more than I have already done upon your time and patience."

"My time is unusually free this morning. A gentleman with whom I had an appointment has failed to appear. As to patience," he added with a smile, "we need not take that into the account, since it has suffered no draft.

"It must be—let me think—six years ago last June that Dick Greyson came to the mills. A straight, handsome young fellow he was, with a heart as warm as ever beat in a man's breast. I took a strong liking to him from the first. Indeed, I do n't know why I have lived a bachelor all these years, if not because it 's my way to distribute the sort of feeling that other men have for some woman, on, here and there, a quick, impulsive young fellow like Dick, who needs somebody older and steadier than himself for a friend. Dick was generous to a fault—if that 's possible—the coat on his back, or the last cent in his pocket, was always at the service of any body who needed them, and he would have fought to the very death in defense of weakness and helplessness in man or beast. I do n't so much object to a spark of fiery temper even in a powder-mill, if it 's of the honest sort that only blazes out against what is really mean and cowardly.

"But to go on with my story. Perhaps you noticed a little brown cottage just at the turn of the road as you came down?"

"With a sweet-brier trained over the front window?"

"Yes, the same. Little Ruth Fairly, the village seamstress, used to sit at that window with her work day after day. There was never a sweeter-faced, softer-voiced girl than Ruth, but—there 's always a but in this world, sir—she was a hunchback. Yet there was something very bright and picture-like about her as she sat in the open window, with her canary's cage hanging outside, the sweet-brier falling in scented wreaths around her, and her white hands flying in and out with the needle like birds. Every body that went by had a word for Ruth, and she would nod and smile back to them with such a light in her brown eyes, and the prettiest color in her cheeks. One scarcely noticed her shoulders as she sat sewing, for her hair fell over them in long, heavy curls. It was only when she stood up that you saw what a poor little thing she was—only about so high," measuring with his hand. "But, as I was saying, many a tall girl would have given more than one of her inches in exchange for Ruth's sweet face, and the good, brave, little heart that neither money nor wishes could buy.

"The poor child was quite alone in the world. With a little money left her by the aunt who brought her up, she had bought this bit of a house. She must have a slip of garden to stand in, and a roof of her own over her head, she said, when she came to ask me two or three questions about the title. Ruth was a born freeholder—come of a race to whom *home* meant something more than rent paid quarterly in advance.

"Work was plenty and pay good, and unless you noticed a queer depth in Ruth's eyes, that made them different from other peoples, you would hardly suspect that she was conscious of any peculiar trouble.

"I chanced to be by when Dick Greyson first saw her. She came down to the mill to speak to one of the hands about some work she was doing for him. The man was out and Dick volunteered to find him. She thanked him in her bright, gentle way, and as he stood looking down at her, his eyes said as plainly as any words, 'If you ever want any help call on me!' I smiled to myself—it was so like Dick. He could not have been himself and not a friend of such a woman as Ruth Fairly.

"But the time came when I did not find it so easy to smile. Dick's boarding-house was just beyond Ruth's cottage, and day after day as I passed, I saw the handsome young fellow stop and lean for a minute or two, or longer, over the white palings in front of her window, talking in a pleasant under-tone, and tossing back his curls in his boyish way. At first the needle flew as usual, but I noticed by and by that Ruth's hands would fall in her lap, a rapt expression come into her eyes, and the color deepen in her cheek like the heart of a rose.

"Then sometimes on a moonlight Sunday evening I would see them walking together, she, poor child, scarcely reaching to his arm, and he bending down to her as he talked, with that sort of chivalric deference which always takes a woman's heart by storm.

"I was sure that Dick meant all right, but I was sore troubled for Ruth's sake. I could not bear to have her hurt, as I felt she must be, if this went on. The little thing that had borne

her hard lot so cheerfully—it seemed too bad to have love come into her life just to be wrenched away from her, when she had learned how sweet it was. Her face changed wonderfully in those days; it almost frightened me sometimes. Have you ever watched one of those night-blooming flowers that they grow in the hot-houses? The leaves uncurl right before your eyes, trembling as if they were alive. Ruth's face grew brilliant with the intense life in it.

"Perhaps you think it strange that I noticed all this, but I can not help seeing, more than breathing. I felt as if I must say or do something, but what I did not know.

"At last—it was one Sunday—I passed Ruth's window on my afternoon walk. A pot of hyacinths had been standing there for several days, and I had more than once stopped to admire them—red, white, and blue growing together, after one of her patriotic fancies. To-day one color had disappeared.

"'Why, Ruthie,' said I, 'where 's the blue? You 've spoiled your colors!'

"She laughed and blushed, giving me some evasive answer. I walked on, but had scarcely turned the corner before I met Dick, with the missing hyacinth in the button-hole of his best coat. He nodded and would have passed me, but I took his arm and pulled him around, 'Take a little turn with me, Dick,' I said.

"I felt troubled and looked so, I suppose, for he glanced at me and his face sobered.

"'Is any thing the matter, Mr. M.?' he asked.

"'The matter is, Dick,' said I, 'that I wish you would put that back where it came from'—I pointed to the flower—'or, better still, that you had never taken it away.'

"He turned crimson and flashed a quick, almost angry glance at me. It was only for an instant, then his old manner returned, with a little mingling of nervous diffidence, and he said,

"'I have been wanting to talk with you, sir. Ruth and I are going to be married.'

"I could scarcely repress an exclamation of dismay, to which I would not for the world have given utterance. Here was the knot cut in the only way that could save little Ruth's peace, and yet I was dissatisfied; the two seemed so mis-mated. If I could only have been quite sure that there was any thing more than Dick's chivalrous pity at the bottom of it all. He was just the man to rush into this sort of thing with his eyes shut. But Dick was waiting for me to answer. I gave him my hand.

"'Dick,' I said, 'you could not find a sweeter wife on the round earth!'

"'I know it, sir—God bless her!—and you, too, sir!' said Dick, choking down something like a sob, and we walked on a little way in silence.

"'Dick,' I said at last, 'when is it to be?'

"'I do n't know yet. You see, sir,' he said, with his frank, boyish laugh, 'I 'm waiting to get ahead a little.'

"'It will be a long time if you wait for that, my poor boy,' I thought, though I did not say so. There was not a lazy hair in Dick's head, but it was not in him to lay up any thing.

"Well, all went on smoothly enough, and I began to think that I had given myself a great deal of anxiety for nothing.

"One Sunday night Dick came into Church with Ruth and another girl whom I had never seen before. The three sat down in one of the side-pews opposite me, and the sermon being over-dull I found it more interesting to study a new face between whiles than to listen. This one was very pretty—a real doll's face, all pink and white. The odd thing about it was what you might call its receptiveness—it seemed made to be always *taking*, with nothing particular to give back. Every look was like an appeal to be loved, and kissed, and taken care of. No force or depth in it, but a great deal of that innocent dependence that winds itself around a man's heart, soft as a ribbon but strong as steel bands.

"After that two girls instead of one used to sit sewing at the cottage window, for the stranger was Lilly Rand, an old friend of Ruth's, come to learn the trade of a dress-maker.

"'O, sir,' said Ruth to me, 'it is so nice to have Lilly with me! You see we went to school together when we were bits of children. I did not half know how long the evenings were before she came. I do n't mean that she shall leave me again, at least till'—and Ruth ended the sentence with a laugh and a blush.

"Not long after this I was taken with a fever, which left me so weak and indisposed to rally, that the Company gave me a few months' leave of absence, and I went up among the mountains and stayed all through that Summer and the early Autumn.

"It was a balmy October evening when I came back, and the first person I saw as I walked along the street, after leaving the depot, was little Ruth. She was a little in advance of me, but I recognized her figure, and, quickening my step, soon came up with her. She seemed very glad to see me, but as the first glow of pleased surprise faded from her face, I felt some indefinable change in her. She seemed older, and there was something set in the lines of her mouth, as if she had held the lips firm over some great, silent pain.

"'We 've all missed you, Mr. M.,' she said.

"'Not you, little Ruth, I am afraid.'

"'Yes, indeed, sir! Why not?'

"'Somebody would hardly let you miss any one very much, would he?'

"I was looking at her as I spoke, and it was not too dark for me to see that every vestige of color dropped out of her face in an instant. I thought she was going to faint, but she recovered herself by a strong effort, and said with the ghost of a smile,

"'That 's all over sir.'

"'All over! confound him!' I burst out with sudden, blind indignation.

"Little Ruth drew herself up; for one instant she seemed straight and tall.

"'Do n't speak so to me of him!' she said sharply. Then, as if fearing she had wounded me, she held out her hand with a beseeching gesture.

"'Forgive me, Mr. M. I must seem very ungrateful; but it was all my fault—that is—I mean—it was I who broke off.'

"'You!'

"'Yes, sir. You see,' she went on, speaking rapidly, 'I love Dick as I would a dear brother, and so I told him, but the other was a mistake. It 's all right now, and he does not think hard of me, though he called me fickle at first.'

"Poor, poor Ruth! that constrained double look was not at home on her true face. Should I let her think, ostrich-like, that she had hidden her secret from me, or should I cruelly drag it forth, in the forlorn hope of helping her afterward?

"'Ruthie,' I said, 'I do n't ask you to tell me any thing unless you wish it, but what you said just now means nothing. We both know that.'

"She looked up into my face and burst into tears.

"'O, Mr. M.! I do love him! I could die for him. I was so blind once as to think that I might live for him, that my great love might make up to him for—what I am not, Mr. M.' She glanced over her shoulder with a painful flush. 'But it could not be. I knew it after—after Lilly came. He never wronged me by a look, Mr. M.; he was kinder to me than ever, and when I told him I had changed my mind he begged me with tears in his eyes to marry him. But it is n't pity we want, Mr. M.—*we!*'

"'Ruth, my child,' I said, struggling against her sure insight, 'such morbid fancies are not like you. You are making yourself and Dick miserable unnecessarily.'

"'They are to be married in a month,' she answered in a low, quiet voice.

"After that there was no more to be said. We were close to the cottage gate; Lilly stood waiting in the doorway. I was glad Dick was not there. I did not blame him, but I could not have seen him then.

"'Why, Ruthie, you are so late,' I heard her say when I had pressed my little friend's hand for a silent good-night. Ruth reached upward and drew the fair head down to her own; there was nothing but love in her face. I looked back once, and saw her still standing there, with the moonlight gathered like a glory above her forehead.

"Lilly had no home to be married from—she was an orphan, too—and she and Dick stood up together in the little church. A pretty bride, so every body said, but I could not look at her, with that little gray figure so near, whose patient fingers had stitched the wedding finery with her own heart-strings.

"Lilly was not used to housekeeping cares, so she brought all her small troubles to Ruth. More than half Dick's home comforts he owed to Ruth's tireless toiling and planning.

"Autumn came round again, and Dick came to me one morning with happy tears in his eyes. There was a boy at home,' he said, and Lilly doing well."

The superintendent paused, and when he spoke again his voice was low and sad.

"One week from that day, sir, the mill in which Dick worked blew up. I can never forget the sight of that poor shattered wreck of so much strong, beautiful life, which was laid tenderly down by pitying comrades on the low bed, from which it would be removed so soon to a lower, but, thank God, a painless rest.

"In the next room lay Lilly in strong nervous spasms, and an old woman sat beside the fire with the babe in her arms. Suddenly the outer door opened, and the men fell back. It was Ruth. She seemed to have flown, there was such a sense of resistless motion about her, yet she was not hurried or breathless; her face was pale, and her great brown eyes like flames. She went straight to the bed without a tremor or shiver.

"'O, Ruth!' It was Dick's voice, a tone of relief breaking through its wailing pain.

"'Yes, Dick.' She knelt down and put her hand on his forehead. He looked with a weary effort toward the closed door which could not keep out the sound of his wife's screams of agony, then at the little unconscious bundle in the nurse's arms, then once more with eager, heart-breaking appeal, into those eyes gazing down upon him with love unutterable.

"'Yes, dear, I know. I will take care of them.'

"A wonderful light came into the dying eyes.

"'Ruthie.'

"'Yes, Dick.'

"'Pray.'

"O, sir, I 'm not a praying man, but if ever a human soul takes hold of God, then he came down into that room. The men were sobbing all around like children, but that clear young voice went up without one break or quiver, and on its strong wings poor Dick's freed soul must have passed through the gate of heaven.

"For many weeks the poor young widow's life hung on a thread; no ministry less faithful and tender than Ruth's could have saved her. But as strength slowly came to her feeble body, it was too plain that she would never have her mind again. As soon as she could be moved Ruth took her with her baby to her own home. She is harmless and sweet-tempered, clinging to Ruth, and grieving like a little child over an hour's separation.

"But it is in this boy that Ruth's life is bound up. He is the image of his father. The company mean to send him to college, eh, Dicky?" to the child who was playing now on the floor at his feet.

The little fellow looked up with a puzzled air, but his face cleared in a moment.

"Ask mamma Ruthie," he cried triumphantly, and resumed his block building.

"Bless me, sir!" said the superintendent, looking at his watch, "you have barely time to catch the train. Call again when you happen this way. A pleasant journey, and good-day."

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE—ST. CLOUD.

THERE is scarcely a boulevard, or street, or municipal building in Paris but teems with strange, weird memories of the past, many of these possessing such terribly dramatic force and interest that we shrink back appalled from the retrospect, and yet ever return by an almost supernal fascination toward them.

It will not be inappropriate at this time to select a few of these historic shrines from the aggregate mass, and place them before the readers of this magazine. How many have been rudely transformed by the heavy scourge of war from artistic symmetry to unsightly mutilation, or how many devoted to utter destruction, as in the case of time-honored, royally favored, picturesquely beautiful St. Cloud, we can not tell; but while the remembrance is still fresh upon us of what these places were, it may be pleasant to linger about their historic precincts, trusting that Ichabod may never be written upon the stately palaces, the venerable temples, the glorious parks of sunny France.

Perhaps of all incongruous epithets, as locally applied, is that of the immense open space lying between the Champs Elysées and garden of Tuileries, and styled La Place de la Concorde. In its center stands the famous obelisk of Luxor, that magnificent monolith of red Egyptian granite, presented by Mahommed Ali Pacha of Egypt to the French Government in 1832, the removal of which prodigious mass being considered a miracle of engineering skill and perseverance. The Oriental pillar stands out even amid the splendors of modern architecture as a grandly mystic record of brain achievement in the twilight ages. The golden sunlight falls brightly over the marble palaces, over the artistic colonnades, and the tread of gay promenaders is always echoing cheerfully about its paved ways, and yet we must ever recall the Concorde as the chief Gethsemane of French soil.

Its first baptism of woe occurred in 1770, at the grand display of fireworks in honor of the marriage of the Dauphin, Louis XVI, to Marie Antoinette, when a rocket accidentally exploding produced a panic by which 1,200 persons were trampled to death, and 2,000 more were frightfully injured.

Twenty-three years subsequent to this event the fatal guillotine, that Italian curse, was set up on prolific French soil within this square of concord. There were spread around this hideous instrument, as if in mockery at the sacrifices offered upon its altar, the royal palace, with its plates and roof of burnished gold, the radiant and spacious Champs Elysées, and the magnificent gardens of the Tuileries. Here sat the weird knitters, like so many fates around the scaffold, counting twelve hundred and thirty-five heads as they fell into the basket below. Within the year of its inauguration the head of Louis Capet was severed by its envenomed stroke, and, what appears to be the refinement of French cruelty, the king was executed directly under the windows of his own palace, only the tasteful gardens which his own hand had adorned separating him from the yellow façade of the Tuileries.

This tragedy was enacted in the pleasant month of June, and when the Autumn leaves were falling the Queen, Marie Antoinette, was bound to the plank, the beautiful neck was brought under the fatal groove down which the polished knife was to glide. One long shout of "vive la Republique" rent the air then as it rends the air now of this changeful empire, and the dissevered head was raised on high by the executioner as a welcome spectacle to the as-

sembled multitudes, the life martyrdom of this daughter, wife, and mother of kings was over—a woman whose personal charms Lamartine thus describes: "Her beauty dazzled the whole kingdom. She was of a tall, graceful figure, a true daughter of the Tyrol. The natural majesty of her carriage destroyed none of the grace of her movements, and there was expression in her every attitude. Her light-brown hair was long and silky, and her forehead indicated great delicacy and thoughtfulness of soul, while her clear violet eyes completed a loveliness that filled up our every ideal of perfection." It was here that the noble and lovely Madame Roland, the saintly Madame Elizabeth, the heroic Charlotte Corday, were executed, and on this fatal spot the wicked Philippe Egalite, Duke of Orleans, the tyrant Robespierre, and a hundred of his associates met the just reward of their crimes. After the occupation in 1815 by the English army, and on the Restoration, the name was changed to Place Louis XV, and in 1826 to Louis XVI, but the old title was restored after the Revolution of 1830, and since then the ceremonies by which the Republic of 1848 was proclaimed have been held here.

Turning away for a brief season from the brilliant boulevards and gay promenades of the city proper, let us go by railway, by omnibus, or steamer, as you please, to the ancient Château of St. Cloud, which lies just at the gates of Paris, and in fancy gaze upon it, as if the terrors of mortal conflict had never fallen over its rare perfection. There are but few mournfully dark associations connected with this stately French beauty, as it has been for centuries a peaceful oasis amid stormy revolutions and fearful change. The Château stands on an eminence overlooking the River Seine, as also with extensive views of the Bois de Boulogne, the Arc de Triomphe, and the green line of the Champs Elysées, so that whether by day or night, whether watching the solemn river rolling onward to the ocean, or strolling in the moonlighted avenues surrounding the palace, there is beauty every-where and at all times.

St. Cloud is said to have derived its name from Clodoald, the grandson of Clovis, who, escaping from his uncles, Clotaire and Childebert, the murderers of his brothers, hid himself in the wood covering the hill, with a few followers. From this nucleus sprang the village of St. Cloud, which to-day possesses no special object of interest, but is simply a collection of plain, unpretentious buildings. The place was given by Clodoald to the Bishops of Paris, who made it their country-seat, connecting it by a bridge with the Paris side of the river, and being obliged to fortify the place strongly against outside enemies.

Indeed, St. Cloud suffered from various attacks by the English, Armagnacs, and other belligerent nations, having been several times taken and burned. But it survived all these adversities, and became at length the favorite residence of the royal family, who purchased from a wealthy banker "The Mansion," as it was called, and which the architects of that time transformed into the splendid palace of to-day. Here Francis I reveled in pleasure, and Catherine de Medici gave her entertainments. The Dukes of Orleans were its possessors also until 1785, when the Château was purchased by Marie-Antoinette for an immense sum of money. Although a regal mansion and place of resort for kings and their consorts for a long series of years, it does not seem to have attained its high popularity until this reign, yet from henceforth its records are marked ones. It was in the Palace of St. Cloud occurred, in July, 1790, that celebrated meeting between Marie Antoinette, the dying champion of a dying monarchy, and Mirabeau, the first man of the Revolution. In a sequestered leaf-embowered grass plat there still remain the marble vase and stone seat which marked the triumph of this sweet, sad-faced woman, the queen, over the great tribune of the people, who could never be humbled by any fear or threat from royalty, yet was vanquished by Marie's trembling supplication, "Save us! save us, Mirabeau!" The haughty Mirabeau knelt at the feet of his sovereign, and vowed to save the throne from destruction, but failing in his endeavor went down in that onslaught which he had been so instrumental to inaugurate.

The possession of St. Cloud by Napoleon I on his return from Italy, was his first decided step toward the throne. This magnificent abode of ancient grandeur became the favorite residence of himself and Josephine, and it was repaired and most gorgeously fitted up for their reception. The splendid saloons were richly embellished, and every trace of the simplicity of the First Consul here disappeared. The sword and the uniform were replaced, in these glittering halls, by the gold-embroidered dress, silk stockings, and chapeau bras of the old *régime*.

There were reception days, audience days, great and small levees, at which were assembled all that France possessed of rank, name, and fame. Here the embassadors of all the powers accredited at the Court of the First Consul appeared in full dress.

Just as in the days of the old monarchy, on every Sunday, and at every festival, solemn

mass was said in the chapel, and it was in this palace that Cambacérès and the Senate repaired when requesting Napoleon to accept the crown and, as Emperor, to ascend the throne of France. St. Cloud had the honor first to hear that France, wearied with storms and divisions, decided, with her five millions of voters, for the hereditary imperial dignity in the Bonaparte family, thus creating a fourth dynasty. At this château also his civil marriage with Maria Louisa was celebrated, and, in so brief a space afterward, it was here that the capitulation of Paris was signed and the palace occupied by the allies.

Here Louis Philippe delighted to find a Summer retreat with his family, sheltered for a time from the weary anxiety of his more regal state; and it was at St. Cloud that he paused for a moment when flying from Paris in 1848.

However brilliant and celebrated the previous sojourn of kings and their courts at this charming retreat may have been, none has ever surpassed that of Napoleon III and his lovely Empress Eugenie, in all that constitutes the exquisite refinements of royal or social life. This château was peculiarly a favorite with the Empress, not only because of its extent and beauty, but that it afforded a respite from the restless, dissipated, and, sometimes, over-anxious Winters at the Tuileries, that gloomy pile of royalty, which the poor young Dauphin Louis XVII is said to have called, with bitter weeping, "that dreadful, great, dark house." Here there was freedom, a little stillness and solitude, where the caroling of birds only was heard amid the thick foliage, and where the blessed sunshine lighted the broad halls of the château. The ladies in waiting could sweep through the fragrant apartments in light, airy, Summer costume with merry laughter and cheerful singing, forgetful of the cold formalities of the city palace.

But we need dwell no longer on this theme, for its every scene of sorrow or of gladness is buried away among the things that were, and that can never return again. The festivities, the receptions, the banquets, the select friendly dinners, the brilliant soirées, where the aristocracy struggled for the honor of being received, are over. The steep, light, graceful façade of the palace, that looked upon centuries-old parks and avenues, the roof decorated and richly carved, the vestibule supported by marble columns, the inner walls, where was so rare an embellishment of sculpture and painting, have disappeared.

Within the apartment that Napoleon Bonaparte enriched for his own use and pleasure with trophies from other lands, exploded almost the first shell thrown in the recent fatal bombardment, that so mutilated and disfigured the grand old palace. All its treasures of art were shattered, among them the splendid Venetian mirrors brought by Bonaparte from Italy, and where alone they are manufactured, with scarcely a fragment left; the heavy folds of velvet, gold embroidered, from Florence, in rooms whose every arch and every marble pillar was an incrustation of splendor and artistic beauty, have left no memorial of their existence, and thus has passed away forever the ancient glory of this right regal Château de St. Cloud.

THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.

IT seems strange, at first thought, that there should be a cluster of islands resting on the bosom of the Atlantic, like a set of emerald gems on sapphire seas—so singularly beautiful, so pleasant to be visited, so salubrious in climate, so comparatively nigh to principal points of the United States coast—and yet these islands be almost a *terra incognita* to the citizens of the States. But when the matter is considered at second thought, it is not so strange as at first it appeared. Because the islands, though many in number, are small in magnitude, so that the navigator has sometimes missed them, even when he desired earnestly to find them; and again, they are English islands, with forms of government and institutions, with manners and customs of society not exactly to our habits and likings; then, until comparatively recently, they had hardly been of any relative importance to us; and, finally, because though not practically far off—as distance and time are now measured, or rather destroyed, by our modern modes of travel—yet they are really farther off from any surrounding lands than almost any other portion of the globe is—St. Helena being possibly the only exception to this remark, which, by the way, is said to be much like to the Bermudas, in scenery, climate, and other particulars.

But there are reasons, at the present writing, and daily growing in number and importance, why these pretty islands should become better known to the citizens of the States.

In the first place, it was the "Virginia Company" that, in 1612, took possession of the islands in order to help the "Jamestown Colony"—under charter from King James I—of which something more may be said anon; in the second place, it became very evident in the late "great rebellion," that the Bermudas are

of prime importance for blockade-running, and for other purposes, in case of war between the United States and any other power, especially an outside one; in the third place, the early crops of onions, potatoes, and tomatoes, raised in the fruitful vales of the Bermudas, are annually so enlarging that the New York market, through the speedy transmission by steam-ships, is becoming well supplied with these vegetables, fresh from the gathering, before they can be possibly secured from the nearest points south; in the fourth place, in the projects now in mind, if not yet actually on foot, the islands are likely to become the central resting-place of telegraphic lines, stretching from Europe and the United States across the Bermudas to various parts of the West Indies; and, in the last place—as the preacher sometimes says—the pleasant scenery, the salubrity, the comfort to be had and enjoyed in the islands during the Winter months of northern inclement climes, do make the Bermudas most desirable to be known and visited.

When the rude northern Winter is approaching, with its freezing breath, and ready to shake from its dull wings innumerable snow-flakes, the invalid and those not warm-blooded begin anxiously to ask, "Where, at no great distance away, can we find the sunny skies and balmy air which have been taken from us for a season?" And one of the best answers would be, in the Bermudas, which you can reach, across the arm of the Gulf, in a few days by steamer. Go there and stay, if possible, amid their soothing scenes, till in the Spring-time you may exchange the breath of the orange, and beauty of the oleander, and love-notes of nest-building birds, for the bloom of the peach and the cherry, and the sweet voice of the bluebird on this side the water.

The record of the discovery of the islands is rather a romantic one, as we read it. In 1515 a Spanish vessel, the La Garza, commanded by Juan Bermudez—from whom the group of islands continues to take its name—and having on board the illustrious Gonzalez Oviedo—historian of the Indies—was on a voyage from Old Spain to Cuba. The vessel was run within cannon-shot of the fair islands, and the captain and officers, judging them to be uninhabited, were about to land and make observations, and let loose some swine, whose increase might prove serviceable to future wayfarers, when a strong, contrary gale arising, the ship was "sheered off" and put to sea again; not, however, before the historian had amused himself greatly with the various spectacles of natural history presented, in particular the contests between the flocks of screaming gulls and the motions of the strange, glittering flying-fish.

The Spaniards do not appear to have undertaken any possession of the islands, though Philip II granted them to one Ferdinand Camelo, a Portuguese, who only went so far in improving the royal donative as to land, in 1543, and carve out, on the broad face of a high cliff, the initials of his name, and the year of grace current, to which, after the superstitious usage of the times, he superadded the figure of the cross, for the pious purpose of keeping away from his acquisition "roving heretics" and "roaring devils." The writer of this visited the romantic spot on a genial day of last Winter, riding by pleasant windings from the northern to the southern shore. Whether the devils at large had been kept away by the sacred figure inscribed might be a question; but it seems as though "the prince of the powers of the air" had been there repeatedly with wind, and wave, and pelting rain; for the carving on the face of the rock is much effaced; and as concerning "the roving heretics," neither the fear of Camelo nor of the cross had kept them away; for they have scribbled their names or initials in every variety of character all around the original work, until the early memorials of the thoughtful Portuguese can scarcely be distinguished from the vulgar marks of the Browns and Smiths of degenerate ages!

It was through storm, and mutiny, and shipwreck that the "vexed Bermoothes," as Shakspeare calls them, were first introduced to the English public. Henry May and Captain Lancaster were two roving Englishmen, who sailed for the East Indies in 1591. They scoured the seas adjacent to the coasts of Sumatra and Malacca, and made there some valuable captures. "Doubling the Cape," they attempted returning homeward in 1593, but becoming greatly distressed for want of provisions, were fortunate in discovering the little island of Mona, at which they obtained a partial supply of their needs. Shortly afterward a French armed ship joined them, commanded by La Barbotiere, who kindly relieved their still pressing necessities. Parting from the polite Frenchman, our heroes steered for Cape Tiburon, in Hayti, and on the way fell in once more with the French ship. To their second application for stores, La Barbotiere could make, out of his own deficiency, but a faint response. The sailors, however, of the English ship, believing that the Frenchman's plea of scarcity was but feigned, and that May, who conducted the application for relief, was in collusion with the French captain and enjoying good cheer on

board with him, untroubled about their distress, mutinied and formed a company, agreed together to seize the French pinnace and then, if possible, to capture the ship herself. In the former object they succeeded, but immediately after one of the number revealed the secret of the conspiracy to Barbotiere. He, in seeming ignorance of any dangerous movement, invited May and Lancaster to dinner with him. What was their surprise, on reaching the deck after a cheerful entertainment, to find the vessel in motion and sailing away at full speed. The French captain then revealed to his guests the secret conspiracy which had been discovered to him, and after a consultation the English ship was overhauled by the Frenchman, an accommodation was effected, and Lancaster returned to his own vessel, which was soon headed for England, while May remained with the French captain and ship. These soon sailed for Laguna, taking the usual course by the Bermudas. Strict watch was kept while there was any apprehension of danger; but at noon, on the seventh day of December, the pilots declared the ship twelve leagues beyond the islands and all peril passed; the men, therefore, called for the allowance of wine due them, according to the sea custom of the times, and throwing overboard all fear or care, gave themselves up to carousing. At midnight, however, in the midst of the jollity, the ship struck one of the coral reefs that surround the islands with such violence as made it evident she must speedily sink. In this dreadful situation, as the rock seemed high, it was hoped it formed part of the mainland. Meanwhile a small boat was put out, to which was attached a hastily constructed raft. Room, however, was thus provided for not more than twenty-six persons, while the crew alone of the ship exceeded fifty. In the wild struggle that ensued, and while the vessel was sinking fast, May looked on in despair, thinking it would be in vain for him to attempt entering either conveyance, as in that case he would be instantly pushed overboard. But at this crisis Barbotiere proved himself a true friend in the time of need. He shouted to May, for life or for death, to leap into the boat. This May did instantly, and "it pleased God," says he, "to make me one of those who were saved to his mercy and glory." The whole of the next day they were beating about on the glassy sea, beneath the burning sun, dragging the raft after them, and reached not the shore until almost dark. Tormented with thirst, they now groped about almost despairing of finding any water; but at last, to their great relief, one of the pilots discovered a hollow rock filled with rain-water, from which they drank with abounding thankfulness. The morning light revealed the islands covered with a dark forest of cedars. The shipwrecked mariners could not accept the idea of making them their abode for life, and, therefore, set immediately about constructing a bark which would be able to convey them away to some English settlement. Happily for them, the carpenter's chest had been saved; with the tools they began cutting down cedars. On making a voyage to the ship they found the shrouds still above water, and bearing them away turned them to use as tackling for the new vessel. For pitch they took lime, which they made adhesive by an addition of turtle oil, and forcing this mixture into the seams, the hot weather almost immediately dried it, until it became as hard as stone. In five months' time a vessel of eighteen tons had been constructed, in which they resolved without delay to set sail. On the deck they placed, on each side of the mast, two large chests containing a good supply of water, and thirteen live turtles were to help out the supply of food. On the 11th of May they found themselves joyfully free of the islands, and bent their course toward Newfoundland. On the 20th of May the adventurers reached Cape Breton; there, taking in wood, water, and ballast, they sailed for the larger island, where, finally, the Englishmen found accommodation on a ship bound for Falmouth, and the Frenchmen were received on board a ship of their own nation. May and Barbotiere parted firm friends, their friendship having been cemented by mutual labors, dangers, and sufferings; and the former reached England in August, 1594, to tell the tale of his shipwreck and adventures to wondering listeners.

But it was owing to another tempest that the Bermuda Islands were brought effectually under view of the English, and that directly in connection with American colonization, at the time in full activity.

In 1609 an expedition of nine ships and five hundred men was sent out to Virginia, commanded by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Captain Newport. The passage was favorable till the thirteenth parallel of north latitude was reached, when the ships were overtaken by a frightful tempest. The vessels were completely separated, each taking its own course. The principal one, in which were the above gentlemen, seems to have been involved in the thickest of the tempest. "The sky," says a quaint historian, "poured down not rain but rivers. Fury was added to fury; one storm urged on another more outrageous. Our clamors were drowned in the winds, and the winds

in thunder; the sea swelled above the clouds and gave battle unto heaven." But all this seemed as nothing compared to the discovery that water had accumulated in the hold to the depth of five feet. All hands were now called to the pumps to labor for life, and though there seemed no hope of ultimate success, yet "so dear are a few lingering hours of life to man," that they zealously worked to the last. The governor and admiral took their turns, and gentlemen who had never had an hour's hard work in their lives, now toiled with the strongest, "their minds helping their bodies." Amid the utter darkness, a light like that of a small star flickered among the masts and shrouds, inspiring superstitious terror; but it was only an electrical phenomenon usual in the circumstances. But the water still gaining on them, they determined to fasten down the hatches and commit themselves to the mercy of the waves. Some of the gentlemen drank to each other, according to the manners of the day, "a last leave before meeting in a more blessed world." At this critical instant Sir George Somers, who had been anxiously watching, by day and by night, cried out, "Land, land!" There was a running to the spot, and as the morning was breaking the very trees on shore could be seen waving in the gale. Exertions were now redoubled; and lighting providentially on the only safe entrance, they reached to within less than a mile of the shore. Here the vessel, being happily wedged between two rocks, was preserved from sinking till the whole company of one hundred and fifty persons, with a great part of the tackling and provisions, was safely landed.

Having established themselves upon the islands, which turned out to be the Bermudas, they found food in abundance; hogs were plentiful and in good condition, for it was the season of the cedar berries, and they slaughtered them in great numbers. At other seasons turtle abounded. Some of the bays were swarming with mullets and excellent pilchards, and rock-fish and craw-fish were daily taken. Birds were equally abundant and various, so that the historian adds, "The whole party fared very well."

After a time Gates and Somers caused the long-boat to be decked with the ship's hatches, and sent Raven, the mate, with eight men, to Virginia to bring shipping for their conveyance. Strict watch was ordered to be kept and fires lighted on all the heights; but though these directions were strictly observed, and many an anxious look cast for the space of two months, they did not make their appearance. The chiefs, therefore, determined to set about preparing a new pinnace with such materials as the islands afforded. The only ones they could procure were cedar-wood, a barrel of pitch, one of tar, and cordage saved from the wreck.

There was a good ship-carpenter, but great difficulty was found in commanding the services of the crew, among whom the bonds of discipline had been much relaxed. To induce them to persevere in their labors, Gates and Somers set the example of laboring with their own hands. Their utmost exertion, however, did not prevent disturbances and conspiracies. Two men in particular represented that the colony had come out in search of *easy* and *plentiful subsistence*, which could nowhere be found in greater perfection and security than here; while in Virginia its attainment would be doubtful and attended with many hardships. These arguments wrought so powerfully on the great body of the men, that had it rested with them, they would, doubtless, have lived and died in Bermuda.

About the 8th of March, 1610, more than eight months after the shipwreck, the pinnace was completed—forty feet long, nineteen broad, and measuring about eighty tons. The other vessel, built under the superintendence of Sir George Somers, was only twenty-nine feet long and measuring about thirty tons. She was fastened entirely with wood, having only one piece of metal in her—an iron bolt in her keel. To prevent leakage, the seams of the two vessels, like those of May and his companions, were smeared over with a mixture of lime and tortoise oil. The vessels were called the "Deliverance" and the "Patience." During the stay on the islands two children had been born; the one was christened Bermudas and the other Bermuda.

Before leaving, Gates caused a cross to be made from the wood of the wreck, which he secured to a great cedar. In the heart of the cross was an inscription on a copper plate, describing what had happened to the shipwrecked colonists.

On the 10th of May they sailed from the islands with a fair wind, but before reaching the open sea the vessel struck a hidden reef, which fortunately was broken by the force of the ship, but did not break her. On they 21st they descried land not far from Cape Henry, and on the 23d anchored in front of Jamestown. Lord Delaware, on the report of Gates and Somers, determined to form a settlement in the Bermudas, from which supplies might be obtained for the Jamestown colony.

This task was undertaken by Somers, who

sailed on the 19th of June, 1610, in his own cedar vessel, in company with Captain Argall, afterward Governor of Virginia. Contrary winds carried them northward, where dense fogs inwrapped them, so that the vessels became separated, and Argall returned to his station, but Somers persevered and reached the Islands, only, however, to die of age, anxiety, and exertion. He exhorted his companions to continue their efforts on behalf of the plantations and to return to Virginia; but alarmed at the decease of their leader, they embalmed his body and sailed for England. The name of "Somers" was at this time, out of respect to Sir George, given to the Islands, but they have not continued to be called by it.

An extraordinary interest was excited in England by the recitals of Captain Matthew Somers, nephew and heir of the deceased knight. The usual exaggerations were published and heightened by contrast with the dismal ideas formerly prevalent. It was said that this dangerous and enchanted place, which had been shunned as a Scylla and Charybdis, was really the richest, most healthful, most pleasant land ever man set foot on!

These reports, together with the advantages of the place to their plantation, induced the Virginia Company to procure an extension of their charter, so as to embrace the Bermudas within their limits. This was granted by King James I, and dated 12th of March, 1612. They shortly afterward sold the Islands to one hundred and twenty gentlemen, who detached themselves from the Virginia proprietors and formed a company under the name and style of "The Governor and Company of the City of London, for the Plantation of the Somers Islands." A grant was easily obtained from the King, according to which the land was to be divided into four hundred shares of twenty-five acres each, while the surplus was to remain public at the discretion of the Company. On the 28th of April the first ship was sent out, with sixty emigrants, under charge of Mr. Richard Moore, first Governor of the colony.

They were blessed with a favorable voyage, and on the morning of the 11th of July came in view of their desired islands, and landed on the south side. Thus was formally commenced the colonial government of the Bermuda plantations.

IT has been well said, that the thing most likely to make the angels wonder, is to see a proud man. But pride of birth is the most ridiculous of all vanities; it is like the boasting of the root of the tree, instead of the fruit it bears.

THE ANGEL PATIENCE.

THERE goes a silent angel
O'er all this earthly land,
A messenger of comfort,
He comes at God's command;
Heaven's joy his rapt face weareth,
Its peace is in his breast,
A talisman he beareth
Against the world's unrest.

O, follow thou this angel
Whate'er thy steps betide,
His hand will truly lead thee,
His wisdom safely guide.
He'll teach thee how God's chosen
Win gain from bitterest loss,
And heaven's bright crown awaiting,
Bear meekly earth's rough cross.

He soothes to still submission
The wild, rebellious breast,
And turns to tender sadness
Life's anguish and unrest.
He comes, a form of blessing,
In sorrow's deepest night,
And throws athwart the tempest,
Heaven's own celestial light.

He chides not at thy weeping,
O, soul, with grief opprest;
He does not blame thy longing,
But hushes it to rest.
And when thy tried heart doubteth
And questioneth God's love,
He smiles and softly whispers,
"All shall be well above."

He gives not to thy question
An answer swift and sure;
His motto is, "The haven
Is near at hand—endure!"
And so he walks beside thee,
Earth-weary, troubled soul,
With eye and heart fixed steadfast,
Upon the sure, blest goal.

LONGINGS.

O, HOW lonely this world looks to me!
Every hill, every valley and tree,
Though robed in a beauty that others may see,
Has a lonely and sad look to me.

O, how lonely this world looks to me!
And I 'm eagerly longing to see
A world where no blight falls on blossom or tree;
O, how bright will that world seem to me!

O, how dreary this world looks to me!
And I strive mid the darkness to see
Some promise of light, and if any there be,
O, my God, let it shine upon me!

ON THE MOUNTAINS.

At early dawn we climbed the height,
'T was in the mild September;
Each star flung down its mystic light
As some decaying ember;

While pale and wan the fair moon hung
Upon the breast of morning,
Like one who to her idol clung
In spite of all its scorning.

Chill blew the winds through dark ravines,
And moaned as if the gladness
Had left sweet Nature's magic scenes
Forever unto sadness.

And from their beds of frozen snow,
Along the rugged alleys,
The brooks went sobbing down below
In quest of pleasant valleys.

Around, above us, and beneath,
Sublime and yet so solemn,
Where snows had hung their glittering wreath
Rose many a lofty column.

Far, far beyond the clouds they rose,
So rough, so grand and hoary,
As if they fain would interpose
And catch the hidden glory.

And others in a rugged heap,
Deep chasms beetling over,
Like brawny giants fast asleep,
The skies their only cover.

And others still like temples vast,
By weird, wild spirits haunted,
And where, when rains were falling fast,
They solemn masses chanted.

No tuneful warble of a bird,
Nor zephyr's gentle sighing,
The deep and awful stillness stirred,
Nor echo's soft replying.

In silent awe we trod the snow,
Strange thoughts our bosoms thronging,
While to the valleys far below
We turned with fervent longing.

When, suddenly athwart the gloom,
Like love when first awaking,
Or joy into a darkened room,
Where hearts with grief are breaking,

A flush stole o'er the highest peak,
In rosy splendor glistening,
As blushes o'er a maiden's cheek
When love's fond whispers listening.

From peak to peak it sped along,
In all its warmth and brightness,
But paused the beds of snow among,
And kissed their crystal whiteness.

Till, they so bleak and cold before,
In those dark mountain closes,
A smile of Summer beauty wore,
With hue of Summer roses.

Adown each bare and storm-swept steep
It flung its radiant glances,
And o'er each rough and rugged heap
It sped in merry dances.

It caught the pine-trees in its arms,
The pine-trees sad and solemn,
And decked them with a thousand charms;
It tinged each frowning column

With colors, lovelier far than art
Might ever hope to treasure;
It thawed the frozen rocks apart
That laughed for very pleasure;

It sought the courses of the streams,
And touched their dimpled faces,
And lent the glory of its beams
To add unto their graces;

Into the haunts of birds it crept,
And set them all to singing,
And winds that moaned and wildly swept
Like vesper bells were ringing.

And spots that seemed but fitted where
Grieved souls might mourn their losses,
Now smiled in robes of beauty rare,
Of mingled flowers and mosses.

It charmed the frost from out the air,
And set the ice in motion,
And warmth and brightness every-where
Swept onward like an ocean.

O, wond'rous change! we saw as if
In beatific vision,
And climbed each range and rugged cliff
As if 't were fields Elysian.

And with the birds, and brooks, and breeze,
That forth their praise were voicing,
Our hearts struck up their tuneful keys,
And too went out rejoicing

To Him whose glorious hands unfold
Such fair and sweet creations,
And from the heart's pure altar's gold
Accepts its glad oblations.

O, Power Divine! O, Love Supreme!
From deep celestial fountains,
O'er darkened souls thy splendors beam
As sunlight o'er the mountains.

And night departs, and grief and gloom,
While o'er Death's solemn portal
Fair asphodels and lilies bloom
In loveliness immortal.

Immortal! Ages past, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! A race without a goal!
Unshortened by progression infinite!
Futurity forever future! Life,
Beginning still, where computation ends!

MATRIMONIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

IN olden days June was held the most propitious month in the twelve for marriage, a happy result being rendered doubly certain if the ceremony was timed so as to take place at the full moon, or when the sun and moon were in conjunction. That unimpeachable authority, the registrar-general, tells us that May is in these later days a favorite marrying month in England, so that one matrimonial superstition has gone the way all such fancies are doomed, sooner or later, to go; for May used to be as much avoided by persons about to marry as June was favored, that merry month being supposed to be specially under the influence of malignant spirits delighting in domestic discord. "The girls are all stark naught that wed in May," is the verdict of one old saw; another declares—

> "From the marriages in May
> All the bairns die and decay;"

a third pronounces, "Who marries between the sickle and the scythe will never thrive;" while a poet, complimenting the month at the expense of what should be the ruling passion in marriage-minded folks, sings:

> "May never was the month of Love,
> For May is full of flowers;
> But rather April, wet by kind,
> For Love is full of showers!"

But if old sayings ruled the world, there would be no marrying at all, for a very old one avers that no man enters the holy state without repenting his rashness before the year is out; unless, indeed, every body determined, like the old Norfolk farmer, to cheat the adage by waiting until the very last day, and wedding on the 31st of December.

In times gone by candidates for connubiality were obliged to study times and seasons. The Church would not allow them to marry just when they felt inclined. "Marriage," says the register of Norton, "comes in on the 13th of January, and Septuagesima Sunday it is out again until Low Sunday, at which time it comes in again, and goes not out till Rogation Sunday; thence it is forbidden until Trinity Sunday; from thence it is unforbidden till Advent Sunday, and comes not in again until the 13th of January." That those concerned might better remember the rules, somebody put them into rhyme, running thus:

> "Advent marriage doth deny,
> But Hilary gives thee liberty;
> Septuagesima says thee nay;
> Eight days from Easter says you may;
> Rogation bids thee to contain,
> But Trinity sets thee free again."

It was considered improper to marry upon Innocents' Day, because it commemorated the slaughter of the children by Herod; and it was equally wrong to wed upon St. Joseph's Day. In fact, the whole season of Lent was declared sacred from the intrusion of Hymen's devotees. "Marry in Lent, and you 'll repent!" and there are good people among us still who, if they do not believe that bit of proverbial wisdom to be prophetic, undoubtedly think Lenten wedders deserve to find it so.

We may possibly be doing a service to some of our readers by informing them—on the authority of a manuscript of the fifteenth century, quoted in "*The Book of Days*"—that there are just thirty-two days in the year upon which it is unadvisable to go into join-hand; namely, seven in January; three each in February, March, May, and December; two each in April, June, July, August, September, and November; and one in October; so that January is the worst, and October the best month for committing matrimony; the actual unlucky days being these: January 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 15th; February 6th, 7th, 18th; March 1st, 6th, 8th; April 6th, 11th; May 5th, 6th, 7th; June 7th, 15th; July 5th, 19th; August 15th, 19th; September 6th, 7th; October 6th; November 15th, 16th; and December 15th, 16th, 17th. As to which is the best day of the week, why—

> "Monday for wealth;
> Tuesday for health;
> Wednesday the best day of all;
> Thursday for crosses;
> Friday for losses;
> Saturday no luck at all."

Friday is generally considered an unlucky day in England; but in France the country lasses look upon the first Friday in the month as peculiarly favorable, if not for the actual ceremony, at least for determining who will be one of the principal actors in it. Before getting into bed, the curious damsel raises one leg, and plants it against the foot of the bed, hoping by this simple action to induce the patron of bachelors, good St. Nicholas, to show her in her sleep the counterfeit presentment of her destined husband.

Young ladies should abstain from listening to any one whose surname begins with the same letter as their own:

> "To change the name, and not the letter,
> Is a change for the worse and not for the better;"

and they would do well to take the precaution of placing their initials in conjunction with those of any admirer they incline to favor, and ask, like Malvolio: "What should that alphabetical position portend?" for if, of the united initials, any word can be formed, they may be

certain the owners of them will never be happy together.

It is an unhappy omen for a wedding to be put off when the day has once been fixed. In Sweden it is believed much harm will ensue if a bridegroom stands at the junction of cross-roads, or beside a closed gate, upon his wedding morn. It is a bad sign if the bride fails to shed tears on the happy day, or if she indulges herself by taking a last admiring glance at the looking-glass after her toilet is completed; but she may gratify her vanity without danger if she leaves one hand ungloved until beyond temptation. To meet a priest, dog, cat, lizard, or serpent on the way to church—to look back, or to mount many steps before gaining the church door, are alike ominous of future unhappiness; and, according to north country notions, it is courting misfortune to marry in green, or while there is an open grave in the churchyard; or to go in at one door and out at another. The weather, too, has a good or bad influence upon affairs; happy is the bride the sun shines on, and, of course, the converse is equally true. Chamberlain, writing to his friend Carleton in 1603, tells him how the wedding of their mutual acquaintance, Mr. Winwood, was celebrated to an accompaniment of thunder, lightning, and rain that was ominous enough to have startled a superstitious man, which, luckily, Winwood was not, so "he turned all to the best," like a loving groom and a wise man. Evil portents may scare the happy pair even after the knot has been tied. "When the bride-maids undress the bride," says Misson, describing the marriage merriments of England, "they must throw away and lose all the pins. Woe to the bride if a single one be left about her; nothing will go right! Woe also to the bride-maids if they keep one of them, for they will not be married before Whitsuntide, or till the Easter following, at soonest!" Where the Scottish custom is followed of the newly wedded couple being welcomed home by the husband's mother meeting them at the door, and breaking a currant bun over the head of the bride before her foot crosses the threshold, it is thought a very bad omen if the bun be, by any mistake, broken over any head but that to which the honor is due. If a bridal party ventures off dry land, they must go up stream; should they be foolhardy enough to go down the water, either the bride, the bridegroom, or one of the bride-maids will infallibly feed the fishes. Spite of the faith in there being luck in odd numbers, it is a belief in the north of England that one of the wedding guests will die within a year unless the party counts even. Another comical idea is, that whichever of the two, bride or bridegroom, goes to sleep first upon the wedding night, that one will be the first to succumb to death.

The only omens we know of tending to encourage adventurers in the great lottery of life, are the meeting of a wolf, spider, or toad on the way to church, and a cat sneezing within the bride's hearing the day before the wedding; but, fortunately, there are many ways of insuring happy fortune. In the Highlands of Scotland the malicious influence of warlocks and witches used to be kept at bay by preventing any unlucky dog passing between the couple on their road to church, and by taking care the bridegroom's left shoe bore no latchet and buckle. By using gray horses in the bridal carriage, the same good purpose is effected. Swedish bridegrooms sew garlic, chives, and rosemary in their wedding garments to frustrate the evil designs of the trolls and sprites; and the attendants on the lady carry bouquets of the same herbs in their hands; while the bride herself fills her pockets with bread, which she dispenses to any poor wayfarers she espies as she goes to church, every piece she gets rid of averting a misfortune; the gift, however, is of no use to the receiver, since, if he eats it, he thereby brings the misfortune upon his own head. Manxmen find a pocketful of salt equally efficacious. The brides of Elba go bare-headed to church; and while the ceremony is proceeding, the happy man puts his knee upon the bride's dress, preventing evil spirits putting in their undesired presence and whispering words in the bride's ear which would render the priest's prayer for fertility utterly inoperative. Women married at Jarrow need no prayers to make them joyful mothers of many children, that end being attained by sitting themselves down in the chair of the Venerable Bede as soon as the parson has done his part. In some parts of England good luck is supposed to be insured by a friend making a hen cackle in the house of the wedded pair. In China they have a curious ceremony, believed to be a never-failing means of making a marriage turn out well for the lady. When she has taken her place in the sedan in which she is to be carried to her future home, her father and mother, or other near relatives, hold a bed-quilt up by its four corners in front of the bridal chair. Into this one of the bride's female cronies tosses, one by one, four bread-cakes—the gift of the bridegroom's family—sending them up high in air; while the lady most concerned in the matter repeats without ceasing certain sentences invoking happiness upon herself and spouse, to which the company respond with the Chinese equivalent for "Amen."

The Cornish well of St. Keyne possesses

> "The quality—that man and wife,
> Whose chance or choice attains,
> First of this sacred stream to drink,
> Thereby the mastery gains;"

but in Sweden, the damsel ambitious of ruling her lord as well as his house, can attain her wish by merely contriving to see him on the bridal morning before he sees her; or, failing in this, she has yet another chance at the last moment, by putting her right foot before that of the man when they approach the altar.

The lately revived custom of throwing shoes after a newly wedded couple for luck is a very old one. In the Isle of Man the shoe is thrown after bride and bridegroom as they leave their respective abodes; but the ceremony is generally performed elsewhere upon the departure of the hero and heroine of the day for the honeymoon trip. In some parts of Kent the shoe throwing does not take place until after they have gone; when the single ladies range themselves in one line, and the bachelors range themselves in another. An old shoe is then thrown as far as the thrower's strength permits, and the ladies race after it, the winner being rewarded by the assurance that she will be married before any of her rivals. She then throws the shoe at the gentlemen, the one she hits laying the same pleasing unction to his heart. Something like this is practiced too in Yorkshire and Scotland. In Germany it used to be the rule for the bride, as she was being conducted to her chamber, to take off her shoe and throw it among the guests, who battled for its possession, the successful he or she being held destined to be speedily married and settled. In England the bride, from between the sheets, threw her left stocking over the shoulder of one of the company, the person upon whom it fell being marked out as the next individual to be married. In some places the threshold is kept warm for another bride by pouring a kettleful of hot water down the door-steps as soon as the bride and bridegroom have taken their departure; the fancy being that before the water dries up another match will be made up, or "flow on," and that it will not be very long before another wedded couple passes over the same ground. In Prussia the method adopted of invoking blessings on a newly married pair used to be the more expensive one of smashing crockery against the door of the house in which tney were domiciled.

The breaking of a wedding-ring is an omen that its wearer will soon be a widow. A correspondent of *"Notes and Queries"* found this fancy current in Essex a few years ago. A man had been murdered in that county, and his widow said: "I thought I should soon lose him, for I broke my wedding-ring the other day; and my sister, too, lost her husband after breaking her ring. It is a sure sign!" Such superstitious notions are far more prevalent than one would suppose, and the school-master will have to work hard and long before they are entirely eradicated.

A FIRST VISIT TO ROME.

RECENT events have added, if possible, to the interest that must ever attach to all that relates to Rome. It is seven years since I first entered the Eternal City, but the memory of that visit remains fresh, and invests with a double charm the page of history last unfolded. There seems to be always an indefinable something about the first impression of a place that can never be renewed. A new country, a new city, a new village even, has charms which are taken in at first sight, and that can not be perceived on any subsequent visit. How much more with such a place as Rome—"the city of the world"—which seems a distinct entity from the date of school-boy's study, and to which so many look as the goal of European travel! Such it seemed to me at the date named, when, weary of the olive groves of Provence, I turned toward Italy, and wended my way nearer and nearer to the capital, for which she then hoped, and has at length attained. "All roads lead to Rome," says the proverb, and, once fairly launched on the continent, without an urgent call home, the traveler is likely to find it true.

The route I selected has been often described—through sunny Provence, along the shore of the Mediterranean; the whole length of the lovely Riviera; from Nice—weeping bitterly at being sacrificed to France—along the Ligurian coast to Genoa, rejoicing in what Italy had accomplished, though not without lively sympathy for Nice and Savoy. From Genoa two friends and myself took a night's sail to Leghorn, in order to visit Pisa and Florence. From Leghorn to Civita Vecchia is another night's sail, during both of which we enjoyed the loveliest weather. So calm and smooth was the sea, so bright and clear the moon reflected in its depths, so mild the temperature on those February nights, that two of us spent nearly all the time on deck, instead of retiring to our berths. In adopting this route we had made our contrast somewhat less distinct. We had, as it were, left but gradually behind us the almost unintelligible Provençal,

as the dialects became less harsh and more distinct, then falling into the lisping Tuscan, with its pure grammar, before we entered the land where the full Roman articulation gives perfection to the Italian language.

At Civita Vecchia we gained our first experience of Papal government, and, if the custom-house of that port continued its oppression, every traveler will be glad that Italian officials have taken the reins. All our trunks were mercilessly emptied; clothes, books, papers, all personal effects, were tumbled pell-mell on a counter and inspected by those terrible coast guards. A small photographic album belonging to one of our party was seized by one officer, and every portrait carefully examined. Queen Victoria, Napoleon III, and others passed muster; family portraits, after consultation, were pronounced innocent; but toward the end of the book was Garibaldi's likeness, which was forthwith confiscated, as were also some other trifles. There being numerous passengers, this precise examination of the luggage hindered us several hours, which we had to pass in a shed, dignified by the name of custom-house, but scarcely fit to lodge a drove of cattle.

Nor was this the worst of it, for the delay caused us to arrive at Rome late in the day, which was again the cause of fresh disaster. In fact, on reaching Rome, we could not get a carriage at the railway station, and so were obliged to take an omnibus to the hotel, where our rooms, for which we had written in advance, were let, as it was not expected we should come so late. Thereupon commenced one of the most vexatious employments a man can have—the search for a hotel in a crowded city. For two hours and more did we drive from hotel to hotel, from house to house, in hopes of finding at least bedrooms to let. All in vain; every decent house was full. Was not to-morrow the Carnival? At last the Hotel de la Minerve, for the modest sum of two guineas a day, fitted us up a couple of bedrooms, to which, weary and worn as we were in mind and body, we were too glad to retire as soon as a comfortable bath, a little repast, and a cheerful fire had soothed our troubled nerves. Sleep did the rest, and next morning at breakfast we could smile at our woes, rally each other on the fortitude we had displayed, determine that we must see the Carnival before we entered on a study of ancient Rome, and that even our yesterday's treatment by the city of which we had dreamed so much should not drive us away until we had feasted our eyes on the gems of art that adorn her.

Stepping down into the square from our hotel, we do not observe the dirt, of which so many travelers tell us Rome is full. This is a clean, open part, but we had caught some glimpses in our yesterday's drives. On our right is the temple of Minerva—now the church of Minerva; it is closed, so we pass on, by the fountain, out of the square. The houses here are lofty, the streets not very wide, the wind rushes wildly along them, and one can only keep warm in the sun.

A little further on—I saw the ancient roof from my bedroom window—is the Pantheon. What a portico! Four-and-twenty Corinthian pillars, looking as if they still defied the centuries. We step inside this circular temple to admire its marble columns and its wondrous roof, with the great central aperture, twenty-six feet in diameter. How could such a pile have been placed? How could it have stood so long? There are sixteen altars round the Church, for Rome has turned Agrippa's Pantheon into a church—St. Mary of the Martyrs. In the eleventh chapel repose the remains of Raphael, on which one remarks that the Pantheon still carries out its original destination, for it contains the ashes of the god of painting. Churches every-where—that is understood at Rome—so we are not surprised, when we leave the Pantheon, to find on our way that we must pass another a few yards off.

We enter St. Ignatius for a moment, to contrast its modern structure with the ancient, then pass along by the Roman College to the Corso. There the Carnival has already begun. And what is this supreme *fête?* We find a great concourse. Spectators line the balconies, masqueraders walk along the street, or drive in open carriages. The people in the balconies are pelting those below with *confetti*—supposed to be sugar-plums, but generally consisting more of flour and plaster of Paris. The people below do their best to return these salutes in kind, but those above have the best of the position. Every window of every story all along the Corso has its balcony, and most of them are decked out in gay coverings of crimson velvet, and thronged with fair spectators. French soldiers and Papal troops kept order by constantly parading among the masqueraders, a few of whom were dressed in character, as for a masked ball; but the majority were simply arrayed in a white garment, night-dresses being evidently often utilized for the occasion.

With high hilarity of a boyish type, the game continued to nearly five o'clock. Then came the event of the day—the race of riderless horses the whole length of the Corso. A

squad of soldiers must first clear the way. See here! a long troop marches by to the sound of those hideous French kettle-drums. Then come Pontifical horsemen and some of the Pope's guard of nobles. More soldiers—more horsemen! Many take their places along the route to keep all clear. Signals of fife and drum! a great church bell rings out above the hum—one, two, three, four, five. As the last stroke sounds a cannon booms over all—silence—a momentary pause, and the "wild horses" rush past us in a moment. Poor thin brutes they seemed, as, terrified, with bits of tinsel tied to their ears and flanks, they galloped by, to the shouts of the people behind, along the only open way—the narrow road lined with thousands of spectators. As soon as they have passed, the people are all moving, and there is no longer a thoroughfare. The *fête* is adjourned until night, when there will be more masquerading; it will be renewed again to-morrow and the next day.

"And this is your boasted Carnival—this your modern Rome," exclaimed one of our party, and then proceeded to grow fierce over the matter. "This is the amusement provided for men and women by a paternal government of priests—this the pabulum provided in lieu of liberty—this amid the almost speaking relics of the time when Rome was the world! How are the mighty fallen! Shades of Cæsars and tribunes, see what manner of men occupy your city!" The member of our party who thus cried out had come to see old Rome, not new, and had, as the reader knows, suffered sadly for coming just at Carnival time. A native told us that the Romans do not keep the Carnival. It is foreigners, he declared, who make the *fête*, and chiefly English and American; and many faces betrayed unmistakably their Anglo-Saxon blood. "But is it well," urged our English sympathizer with Italy, "that while Romans hold aloof, for political reasons, Englishmen should countenance such childish exhibitions amid the tramp of the protecting legions of France?" Then he ventured on a prophecy: "Surely Rome will one day rid herself of these foreign soldiers! How low has she fallen, for the accursed Gaul to be forever parading her streets! Would that the lictors would rise from the dead and grind the bayonets to powder!"

There was some excuse for this outbreak. Nowhere is the din of useless arms so constantly heard. Morning, noon, and night, the bugle, fife, and drum used to assail the ears in Rome, as if the inhabitants needed warning every ten minutes that the garrison was ready for action. In every street bodies of armed men were to be met marching to martial music, and every-where else officers, sub-officers, and soldiers off duty formed a large proportion of the saunterers. In fact, in our evening chats, we came to the conclusion that Rome was inhabited chiefly by soldiers, priests, and beggars. The third class we looked upon as the product of the two others—the consumers but non-producers. "Parasites of society," said one, "variegated locusts," said another, and wondered which is the most objectionable—too many soldiers or too many priests, for a population to support.

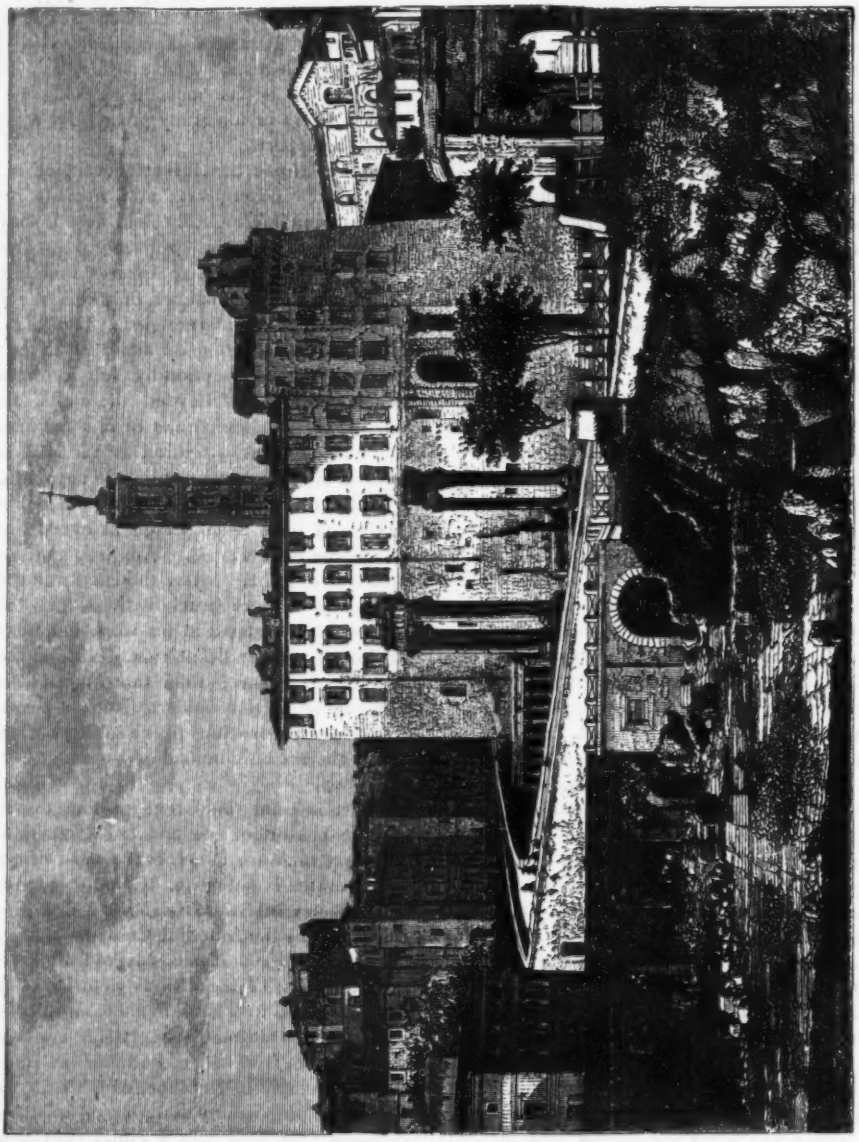
Modern Rome has hitherto occupied a fair share of our description; still, ancient Rome has not been overlooked. And here it may be remarked, that on first walking about Rome one of the most peculiar features that strikes one is the strange manner in which the past and present are intermingled. The life and buildings of to-day flourish amid the ruins, and constantly arrest attention by their incongruity. You may drive out beyond the walls, and—perhaps close by their ruins, or in some distant, sunny spot—your attention is recalled from reveries of what has passed here ages ago, by a lively company of Romans at the game of bowls you have seen played in every Italian village you have visited. This frequently happened to our little party, though for my own part I was far more struck by the singular sight of a cobbler, engaged at his work beneath the shadow of a magnificent ruin. Nothing could be more suggestive than this busy old man mending shoes for modern Roman peasants, apparently unconscious of the interest attached to the ancient relic he had appropriated for his workshop.

I turned from this scene to find the same strange mixture of new and old at every step. At every turn are churches, in most of which some service is going on. Coming out from a hasty glance at St. Magdalen's I was shortly confronted by the Antonine Column—that glorious vestige of old Rome, covered all the way up with relievi of the various victories of Marcus Aurelius, and (another incongruity) surmounted by a statue of—St. Paul! I wandered on a little further, and came upon the ruins of the old Temple of Neptune, with its façade of wondrous proportions surmounted on colossal columns; and this ruin I found degraded by Pius IX to a custom-house. Entering the gates and looking up, one is astounded at the massiveness of the marble block, and wonders how it could have been brought hither, how raised so high, how remained so long.

If another example were needed of the same

commingling of past and present, the old fish-market would furnish a very apt illustration.

But we will take a glimpse at old Rome, or rather at that central spot which monopolizes attention when we speak of it. The Carnival over, we were able to gratify our taste by a deliberate exploration, taking a carriage and *cicerone* to facilitate our first essays. "To the Forum, coachman;" and soon we reach the open space, excavated, as it were, below the level of the street; and, leaving our carriage, wander among the majestic broken columns,



VIEW FROM THE FORUM.

and gaze at Trajan's pillar, rising from the midst like that of Antoninus, but, with all its associations, even more interesting. The relievi extend to the top. About 2,500 figures, all *chefs d'œuvre* of sculpture, combine to celebrate here Trajan's victories. The pillar itself is of the Ionic order, and composed of thirty-four blocks of white marble, rising to a height of more than fifty feet. On the summit—strange incongruity again—is a bronze statue of St. Peter, which was placed there by Pope Sixtus V in 1590.

And here is the Capitol—the center, as it were, around which the S. P. Q. R. gathered a force that seems still to linger in the very letters. The Capitol lies between the Forum and the modern city, as if designed to hold its ground as the center of Roman history. We may wander backward and forward at will. We walk into the court-yard of the Senate, and note the remains of the colossal statues; turn into the Museum to gaze a moment at its Venus, its Dying Gladiator, its sarcophagi, and busts of emperors, philosophers, and senators. We are in the very center of artistic Rome. It should be stated that the Piazza di Campidoglio, or *Place du Capitol*, is a kind of open space or terrace, in the center of which stands the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which has so long been the theme of admiring artists. The terrace is reached by a staircase dating from 1536, guarded by statues of Castor and Pollux. It is behind this, so to say, that the senate-house raises its majestic form. Unwilling to mix modern with ancient Rome too much, we gave the go-by on this occasion to the church and monastery of the Jesuits, and bestowed but little attention to Ste. Marie of the Capitol, or the *Ara Cœli* and its white marble staircase; but descended again to the Forum, to meditate further on the few columns, which seem to speak almost as eloquently as the old Romans who were once so familiar with them. Turning to the left in the descent from the monastery to the Capitol, we reach the under-ground prison where Jugurtha died, one hundred and six years before the Christian era, in which the accomplices of Catiline were executed, and where also perished the cruel minister of Tiberius.

Our guide tells us that in this horrible, damp prison, St. Paul and St. Peter were confined by Nero; and, undeterred by our evident doubts about St. Peter having ever been at Rome, assures us that the two apostles here baptized forty-nine martyrs, with water from a fountain that miraculously sprang from the wall of the dungeon.

We pass out, and leave many vestiges of Rome as we go by the Temples of Antoninus and Faustina, of Romulus and Remus, of Peace, of Jupiter Tonans, of Venus and Rome. Resuming our carriage, we pass the arch of Septimius Severus, with much of the carving clear, and reach the most colossal ruin of all—the Colosseum. We drive round this stupendous structure, and at every step seem more to wonder at its massive ruins. And this is the remnant of the work of Vespasian's 30,000 prisoners! this the great amphitheater, where 100,000 spectators might see the early martyrs of our faith devoured by wild beasts! Climbing a little among the ruined walls, though forbidden by the guard, we almost came to grief in our vain efforts to take in the vastness of the proportions; but, escaping from the fall of loose material we have started, we come quietly round another way, and then, walking across the circle to estimate its diameter, are arrested by the cross erected by Papal authority, and the inscription promising many days' indulgence to the faithful who salute that cross.

But, wonder as we may, we must still pass on, for every-where there is much to be seen. As the day is fine, we resolve to drive out into the country. Here we stay a moment to gaze at the arch of Titus, and then to the still finer one in honor of Constantine, which is in the best state of preservation of all these triumphal arches. We drive on then to the Celian Hill, on the summit of which is the mother church of the Catholic world—*urbis et orbis mater et caput*—St. John of the Lateran, San Giovanni del Laterano—the gift of Constantine to Sylvester I, magnificent inside and out, and giving some idea of Christian Rome in its grandeur. Here it is that the Popes take formal possession of the supreme power, and that they confer the imperial crown. The great façade presents five arcades of two stories, with open galleries, above which rises a covered gallery, with its great statue of the Savior, about twenty-five feet in height. Statues of the twelve apostles—some twenty feet in height—adorn the gallery. It is impossible to give an idea of the effect of the interior of this edifice, its architectural beauty, or its riches in sculpture. Between the antique green columns are twelve niches for the marble statues of the apostles, and these are surmounted by oval mosaics of the twelve prophets. The imagination dwells long on the richness of this great Catholic temple, which defies all description. We pass out to note on our right the *Scala Santa*—the sacred steps which the faithful mount on their knees, and which appear considerably worn by the thousands of devotees who have performed that pilgrimage. Thence we drive into the Campagna by the new Appian Road, with its

"Arches on arches—miles on miles extending"—

of ruined aqueducts. We stay at St. Stephen's, but can not enter, so wander about to observe the old roof, arch, or pile that every here and there peeps out from the soil; sweep with the glass the wide Campagna toward the Latian hills where lie Tivoli and Frescati in sweet repose; talk with a Roman shepherd lad; while away some time in the balmy atmosphere; and return by

the old Appian and Latin Ways, conversing of Horace—who here was so teased with the early specimen of boredom—and the other celebrities who trod these paths and made them classical ground.

The entrance to the tomb of the Scipios is by a mean door in the Appian Way. It is a damp, cold atmosphere one breathes on entering where the arches have had to be supported, and, notwithstanding guides, the visit seemed to us not worth the disagreeables encountered. The only other point of interest I stop to name is the entrance to the Catacombs. These have too often been described to need another word. We close our day by driving to see another gate or two of Rome.

The reader will, perhaps, have had enough of Pagan Rome, and think it time to give a word to the Christian city; and here St. Peter's, as a matter of course, demands our special recognition. On a first visit the great temple of Michael Angelo overwhelms by a combination of grandeur and beauty. The vast area of the piazza, surrounded by colonnades of pillars in triple rows; the two fountains in the center, and the obelisk; then the great domed pile without—combine to give some anticipation of the still more astounding interior, where the filling up with beauty seems, at first sight, to diminish the grandeur of art. The mosaics that rival oil paintings, and might be mistaken for them, the sculptures, the pillars, the altars, the great dome—the all in all—so far surpass description as almost to afflict the beholder with a heaviness from which there is no relief, save escaping from the effort to grasp the *tout ensemble* by forcing the attention to the parts. From St. Peter's one should go direct to the Vatican, and thus compare the oil paintings there with the mosaics over the altars, that are copies of them. But who can tell in a few lines of such treasures—of Raphael's masterpieces, or even his frescoes, and the other glories of this center of art? How shall we barely imagine the great sculpture gallery?—a long vista of speaking statues—from which, after weeks of study, the mind, perhaps, dwells most on the group of the Nile, the Apollo Belvidere, Jupiter Capitolinus, the Gladiators, Ceres, Hygeia, Minerva.

Let us escape from the treasures which are too much for us. On the way back from a visit to the Protestant cemetery, the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, and of the baths of Caracalla, refuse to be passed without admiration, and then we come upon the strange hill, Testaceo—all rubbish and wine stores under it—of which no explanation seems quite satisfactory. We return by a ruined gate, and now have to cross the bridge, Ponte Quattrocapi, where we can best see the division of the yellow Tiber, and the island thereby formed, and note how St. Peter's dominates the Leonine City.

In speaking of places outside the walls, a word should always be reserved for the great church of St. Paul. Originally built by Constantine, it was destroyed by fire in 1823. Two years after, it was begun to be rebuilt, and has been proceeding ever since. Some Romans said to me, "Let the Pope finish it; 't will make a splendid house for the Italian deputies." It is next to St. Peter's in size and splendor, is in the form of a Latin cross, and supported on eighty columns of polished granite. Medallions of the Popes occupy niches all around, and rich mosaics at every turn arrest the eye. The baldachin is supported by four colossal columns of alabaster. There is an altar covered with malachite; the floor is paved with pieces of rare marble and red Egyptian granite.

Such is a slight sketch from one's first impressions of the Eternal City.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE.

I AM not about to give you an account of the first incident in my earthly history. I am not competent to do so. Though I have every reason to believe that I was present at my own birth, yet my recollections of what then and there took place are not wanting in distinctness but wanting altogether. Hence when I propose to give an account of my first experience, my words are not to be taken literally. How they are to be taken will be understood by the reader, if he will exercise a little patience and practice a little perseverance. If one writes so as to be understood without effort on the part of the reader, how is he to get a reputation for profoundness? and what discipline will the reader receive?

More than forty years ago, a father in one of the interior townships of Massachusetts consulted with himself—he never consulted with any one else—respecting the disposition he should make of his second son—the writer of this article. The father was the owner and cultivator of a farm. His first-born son took kindly to plowing, and planting, and hoeing, and mowing, and stone-wall making, and wood-chopping, and colt-breaking, and other operations inseparably connected with labor.

The second-born took very little interest in those operations. In fact, he may be said to have had a natural though not hereditary aver-

sion to manual labor of all kinds. He was sent to school Summer and Winter till he was nine years old. He was then sent during the whole of the Winter till he was twelve years old. He was then sent for such a portion of the Winter term as intervened between the freezing of the soil in the Fall to its thawing in the Spring, till he was fifteen years old. He was then expected to labor on the farm during each secular day in the year, the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and fast days excepted.

As has been more than intimated above, he had an aversion to manual labor. The stern authority of the father had a powerful influence over his muscles, but very little over his mind.

The father at length became satisfied that his second son, for whom he had got a mortgage on the Brockway farm, would never get his living "by work." Hence something must be done with him. The reader will notice the use of the preposition *with* instead of *for*.

The result of the consultation above alluded to was that I should go to college. This was in accordance with my most vehement but unexpressed desire. In those days the desires of children were not taken into account. Those who did not exhibit a certain amount of "faculty," were sent to college, with the object patent or latent of making ministers of them. This practice did not tend to render the atmosphere of college over-stimulating, or to elevate the standard of attainment.

It was settled that I was to go to college. To "fit for college," the phrase then in use, I was sent to the minister—a large, stern, impassible man, who met all human beings with the same solemn manner, who uttered the denunciations of the law and the promises of the Gospel in the same tone. He was a fair technical scholar, and not a bad teacher, so far as related to the verbal form and syntax of the Latin and Greek languages. He never made a remark with reference to the formation of mental habits. His duty was to require me to study so many lessons in Latin and Greek. He did it, and I have no doubt felt peace of mind in view of it. I have since learned that he is or was a representative of a large class of so-called teachers.

I went to college. Dear reader, did you ever go to college? If not, I am sorry for you, not because you do not know quite as much, perhaps more, than if you had gone to college, but because you do not know how it feels to go to college. That I hold to be the principal advantage. Though it is long, long ago since I was admitted freshman at —— College, and woke up two hours before daylight the next morning for fear of not hearing the bell for prayers, I have a very vivid recollection of my feelings in that portion of "life's morning march," and could describe them, but to what purpose? The aged insurance broker, my class-mate, do n't care about those feelings; he can 't take a risk on them. The venerable judge, another class-mate, so famed for the uprightness of his decisions, has long since forgotten his early tendency to disturb the rest of feathered bipeds, and has no wish to live over the "unrelenting past." The reader cares nothing about the feelings of a green boy from the country, and wishes I would hurry on to detail that "first experience." So I will.

I had passed my first year in college, and had found that it was not "all my fancy painted it." In place of the "divine" literary atmosphere I had expected, I found an atmosphere of vile tobacco smoke often flavored with New England rum—a liquor now obsolete, owing, I am told, to the prevalence of brandy. Still it was not a bad place for study, if one had a disposition for that exercise. He had control of his own room; that is, he could lock his door, and it was only occasionally that an entrance would be forced. The teachers generally were no great hinderance to progress. One actually gave impulse and direction to our minds; but his connection with the college did not continue long—cause or causes unknown. It was stated by way of implied censure, that his recitation-room was never broken into and put in disorder; that he never reported any absences to the Faculty. The probable inference on the part of the "grave and reverend seigniors," his colleagues, was, that he neglected his duty. What faithful, able, successful mind-power ever failed to receive insult at the hand of those who felt benefited by him?

We students in our simplicity thought that a feeling of enthusiastic respect guarded his recitation-room, and the magnetic attraction of his recitation prevented unnecessary absences.

Soon after I had become a sophomore, I was standing with a group of students in front of one of the college buildings when an obnoxious professor passed. I did not then, nor do I now, know why men who are incapable of commanding the respect and esteem of those whose characters they are to aid in forming, should have a place in college. A good officer may have a transient run of unpopularity, but permanent unpopularity would indicate permanent unfitness.

Just as the back of the professor was turned on us, I saw a student prepare to throw a ball at him. I involuntarily raised my hand by way

of silent remonstrance. At that instant the ball was hurled, striking the professor on the head. He turned quickly and saw my uplifted hand. He made no remark.

In the evening I was summoned before the Faculty. The President remarked, while I remained standing in his presence and that of three professors and two tutors, "We are sorry to have you before us under such unpleasant circumstances. Your conduct has hitherto been so unexceptionable, and your diligence in study so commendable, that we should be disposed to pass over a slight offense; but yours is of too grave a character."

"Will you inform me what my offense is?" said I.

"You do n't need any information, young man," said the insulted professor.

"I do not know that any apology for so flagrant an insult to a college officer could be received," said the President, in a tone indicating a hope that an apology would be offered.

"I have no apology to offer. I have insulted no officer."

"Do not add falsehood to your crime," said the professor. "You were not called before us on suspicion. I myself saw the act."

I now understood the whole matter. He had seen my uplifted hand, and inferred that I threw the ball. In his passion he had confounded inference with perception.

"I did not throw that ball," said I deliberately, yet in deep passion.

"You did," said the professor.

I turned to the President, and said, "That fellow asserts what is false."

"You may go to your room," said the President.

I went, and was soon surrounded by my class-mates. It was proposed that all present should certify to my innocence over their signatures, but there was a college law forbidding the appending more than two names to any paper relating to college affairs; besides, I foresaw that if they exonerated me they would be compelled to name the guilty one. I had hope that he would be manly enough to confess, but I knew less of human nature then than I do now. I was so deeply angry at the injustice I had received that I cared very little for future consequences.

The next morning after prayers the President announced from the desk that L.—meaning the writer—had been directed to study in the country for two months. This was the form of rustication, a punishment much in vogue in those days. I then called on the President for direction. I was told to repair to the Rev. Mr. Strong, of Hixbury, and he handed me a sealed letter of introduction to Mr. Strong.

Hixbury was a day's journey's distance by the stage. Railways had not then been invented. Early the next morning the stage drove up to East College, and, in the midst of three cheers for myself and three groans for the professor, I set out on my journey. It was a pleasant day in the early part of October. There were three passengers besides myself. None seemed disposed to converse. As we passed over a good road, by orchards, and corn-fields, and meadows green, my mind grew calm, and before we reached Hixbury I had made up my mind to regard my rustication as an interesting adventure. Just before sunset we came in sight of the village, which consisted of a church, a tavern, a store and post-office combined, a blacksmith's shop, and half a dozen dwelling-houses, one of which was Mr. Strong's.

"I suppose," said the driver, bending from his perch and twisting his long body so as to be able to look inside the coach, "you want to go to the minister's."

I gave a nod, which he answered by a crack of his whip, and soon drew up before the minister's door. Mr. Strong was at home. I was shown into the study, and was courteously received. Having read the letter I handed him, he looked at me for a moment, as though he would read my thoughts. As he seemed to expect me to break the silence, I proceeded to make a plain statement of the whole matter, ending by mentioning the conclusion I had come to in the stage, that I would submit to the sentence, and, having recovered my standing, take a dismission.

"If your statement is true, as I have no doubt it is, they will find out their mistake and recall you. In the mean time I will try to make the time pass as pleasantly and profitably as may be."

He then took me into the dining-room and introduced me to his wife, sportively remarking that she would not find it necessary to lock up the spoons. The joke did not strike me as a very original one, but I was grateful for the confidence it implied. For the first time I learned the value of confidence bestowed as an educating power.

I began my studies the next morning. My Greek lesson was in Thucydides. I prepared it with great care, expecting Mr. Strong to ask me such questions as I was accustomed to hear asked in the recitation-room. We were there called upon to render a sentence into English words, and to give the form and syntax of the

Greek words composing the sentence. Mr. Strong asked few questions relating to forms and rules of syntax, but many relating to the thought. He pointed out the difference between rendering and translating, called attention to the nice discrimination needed in order to express in English the exact shades of thought contained in the text, taught me to infer from the structure of the Greek language the character of the Greek mind. In a word, he showed that the study of language was valuable as a means of exercising in an admirable manner all the powers of the mind. At the close of the first recitation I felt thankful to Professor D. for his stupidity and passion. For the first time I got a true idea of the object of study—an idea not always possessed by those who possess diplomas. But this, valuable as it was, is not the first experience which I sat down to relate. I was soon on familiar terms with Mr. Strong and his wife. I wished I had been rusticated for a year. I wrote to several earnest men in my class advising them to get rusticated, provided they were sure of being sent to Hixbury.

One evening, about four weeks after my arrival in Hixbury, in attempting to translate a sentence I met with a difficulty which led me to go to Mr. Strong for assistance. It was the first time I had done so. I found he had another pupil. A young girl about sixteen years of age was reciting in Virgil. Mr. Strong seemed annoyed by my entrance, and said, "Please call in about half an hour and I will attend to you. I am engaged now." I retired, but not till I had taken the young girl's photograph. I returned to my room to contemplate the photograph, which bore a marvelous resemblance to the "bright ideal of my dreams." In about half an hour Mr. Strong came to my room, answered the question I had to propose, and remained for some time conversing respecting my studies, but making no allusion to his pupil whom I had seen below.

The next day I made some inquiries respecting his method of teaching Virgil. My question caused a smile, but elicited no remark respecting his pupil. It occurred to me that I might see her at church on the Sabbath. In those days all the people and a good many dogs went to church, or to meeting, as they phrased it. I sat in the minister's pew, which was partly under the pulpit. Its occupants faced the congregation, hence I had a good post for observation. I did not see her. She was not present. I am afraid I did not follow Mr. Strong's advice with reference to exercising the attention.

Despairing of other methods of finding out any thing about my fellow-pupil, I had recourse to Mrs. Strong. I boldly asked her who the young lady was, what kind of a lady she was, what she intended to do, and other questions, prompted by a laudable curiosity and desire for knowledge. She answered all my questions without hesitation, and in the most satisfactory manner. I learned that the name of the original of my photograph was Julia Hale; that she was an orphan without any relatives; that she lived with Mrs. Woodman, an invalid of limited means, and spent most of her time in taking care of her; that she redeemed a little time for study; that Mr. Strong was her teacher, and regarded her as possessed of one of the finest minds he had ever known; that she was pursuing her studies for the purpose of becoming a teacher. Encouraged by Mrs. Strong's frankness, I ventured to ask her to invite Miss Hale to tea that I might see her. She expressed a willingness to do so, but assured me that Julia was too bashful to accept the invitation.

The parsonage began to be enlivened with frequent calls from young ladies, some of whom staid to tea. Fortunately for me they never happened to call during my recitation and study hours. I began to receive invitations to social gatherings, and though sorely loath to leave my books I always went, in hopes of meeting my fellow-pupil. I met her once or twice, and exchanged a few words with her. They were very commonplace, but produced evident embarrassment on her part and mine. I noticed that, notwithstanding her beauty, she was not the object of much attention. Her dress, though neat, was very plain and inexpensive even for those times.

One day Mrs. Strong invited me to take a walk with her. She gave me a basket to carry, and led me to the house occupied by the widow with whom Julia lived. Julia came to the door in her working dress—a very plain one indeed. She blushed a deeper blush than I ever saw before. I put out my hand. She could not refuse to extend hers. I fear, if the truth was known, that it received a stronger pressure than it had ever received before—a pressure that did not seem to have the effect of restoring the circulation to its normal condition.

I was soon after invited to a large party at Squire Green's. He was the great man of Hixbury, and his two daughters stood at the head of society. I looked in vain for Miss Hale. She was not present, and I heard a remark made to the effect that she had not been invited. Miss Melissa Green had said they must stop somewhere, and if they included Miss Hale they must include every body—a

very improper thing to do in a democratic land. While the Misses Green were doing their best to entertain "the collegian," a sudden impulse seized me to leave the party and call on Miss Hale. It was with great difficulty that I avoided being detained by force, but I succeeded in making my escape, and was soon at Mrs. Woodward's door. Julia answered my knock, and received me with less embarrassment probably than if Mrs. Strong had been with me, and with a smile which I immediately photographed and have kept to this day. I spent an hour with her. We did not talk a great deal. We were not at all sentimental. We were not literary, but we enjoyed each other's society. The next day I asked Mrs. Strong if she thought Mr. Strong would have any objection to my calling occasionally on Miss Hale. She thought not, provided I did not neglect my studies. Accordingly I took occasion to call the next evening, and very soon "occasionally" came to mean every evening. My lessons were not neglected, though the contents of Mrs. Strong's candle-box diminished more rapidly than previously. I do not think she thought it worth while to mention it to Mr. Strong.

My three months were at an end. I begged permission to remain to the end of the term. Mr. Strong said it was my duty to return to my class. I called to bid Julia good-by. I found great difficulty in stating the fact that I was to leave the place the next morning. When announced, the effect was much greater than I had anticipated. It was very late before I returned to Mr. Strong's that night. I had to answer a great many objections to a proposition made by me, and when they were answered, or the objections were silenced, I had still great difficulty in rising to go, and when I finally rose to go the difficulty was greatly increased by a pair of fair arms thrown around me, and the words "do n't leave me," soon connected by "do n't forget me," whispered in my ear. I returned to college. The students wondered at my cordial bearing toward Professor D. In truth, I liked him better than I liked any one in the Faculty.

Now you have had an account of my first experience. Was it my last? Yes. Julia is still me, me—in an enlarged and improved edition. She still bears a wonderful resemblance to the photograph taken forty years ago.

EVERY act of self-denial will bring us its own reward with it, and make the next step in duty and in virtue easier and more pleasant than the former.

THE PEOPLE OF INDIA.

THE census of India, lately taken, shows that there is in that country a population of 212,671,621 souls—nearly six times as many people as there are in the United States. This vast aggregate of human life is very far from being, as is generally supposed by outsiders, a unity in race, language, religion, and customs. On the contrary, nowhere else will you find more diversity and antagonism—such sharply cut lines of distinction in all respects—as among that wonderful population over which the English standard waves in the gorgeous East, and which we call "British India."

The descendants of the original possessors of the soil no longer cultivate its fruitful plains; they must be sought for away in the depths of its vast forests and jungles or on its lofty mountains. Nearly 3,000 years ago the Hindoo people, then a beef-eating, liquor-drinking race of warriors, left the Valley of the Indus for the richer regions of the Ganges, and driving the feeble aborigines before them, seized their broad lands and made them their own forever. Wealth and ease brought enervation, and when, eight hundred years ago, the conquering hordes of the Moslem came pouring through the Hindoo Koosh, with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, they saw themselves confronted by a population more numerous than they had ever before faced in any land which their crescent had overrun. Adapting themselves to circumstances, where their usual alternative was impracticable, they took those Hindoo kingdoms in detail and contented themselves with a nominal subjugation and a yearly tribute from each, instead of their usual policy of enforcing conversion to their creed at the sword's point. The "mild Hindoo" showed too plainly to his conqueror that perseverance in this attempt would involve annihilation to one party or the other, so the Mohammedan had to abate his iconoclastic rage and content himself with the milder trophies of holding and governing the fairest and wealthiest empire which this creed has ever conquered.

By making almost a monopoly of education, and putting his own creatures into the positions of trust and power, while the Hindoo was kept to the cultivation of the soil and the duties of trade and labor, the Mohammedan foreigner made up in good measure during the seven hundred years of his despotic rule for the disparity of numbers; and so a feeble minority controlled the Hindoo races during those long centuries from the time of William the Con-

queror till Clive fought the battle of Plassy in 1756, and thus struck the first great prop from beneath the Mogul throne.

During all this long period the Hindoos and Mohammedans maintained their diversity, and with a mutual distrust and hatred, that never ceased even for a day, they were as far as ever from any unity or amalgamation when England entered the country, as they were when Mahmoud, of Ghizni, first conquered Delhi from its Hindoo sovereign. While the nations of Europe tended to unity, and fused their tribes and clans into homogeneous peoples who came to glory in a common faith and father-land—there stood those hundreds of millions of hostile men, and while age after age went by, their sharp outlines of race, religion, language, and nationality were as distinct and keen as ever. To-day in India you see the difference they have so jealously and so long maintained, in the very physique, the dress, the faith, and the phraseology of the passer-by.

The diversity of race is shown in the presence of the Coles, the Tats, the Santhals, the Tartars, the Shanars, the Mairs, the Karens, the Afghans, the Paharees, the Bheels. In religions we have the Mohammedans, the Hindoos, the Budhists, the Jains, the Parsees, the Pagans, the Christians; while in nationality, there are the Bengalees, the Kohillas, the Burmans, the Mahrattas, the Seikhs, the Telugoos, the Karens, and many others.

India is thus a *congregation of nations*, a crowd of civilizations, customs, languages, and types of humanity thrown together with no tendency to homogeneity until an external civilization and a foreign faith shall make unity and common interest possible by educating and Christianizing them.

We are now able to present the nearest approximation ever made to the real numbers of these wonderful people, from a census taken by the English Government last year, and from the further aid of missionary reports and other authorities, which enable us to furnish the most recent and reliable civil and religious statistics of the Indian Empire. A few items are necessarily approximations, but they come as near to accuracy as is now possible.

India has an area of 1,577,698 square miles; it extends nearly 2,000 miles from north to south, and 1,900 from east to west. Her annual imports and exports amount to $577,000,000, her tonnage to 4,268,666 tons, and her revenue to $249,646,040, all gold. The country is divided into British districts, 221, and feudatory States, 153, with a population of 212,671,621.

The average density of this population to the square mile is 135 persons. But in Oude and Rohilcund—the mission field of the Methodist Episcopal Church—the density is 474 and 361 respectively, and is, therefore, the most compact population in the world—England having 347 and the United States only 26 persons to the square mile.

As to race, this vast multitude of men is divided as follows:

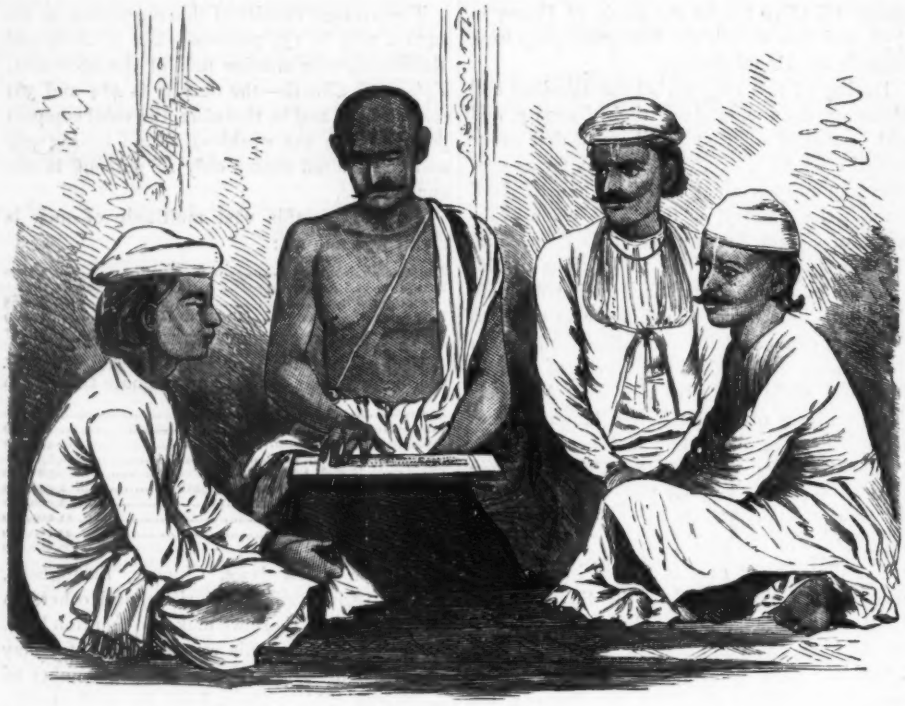
The English Army	58,000
Europeans and Americans—civil, mercantile, and commercial life	89,585
Eurasians—the mixed race	40,789
Asiatics	212,483,247

In religion the native population is distributed, as nearly as we can approximate them, into

Parsees	150,000
Jains—Heterodox Budhists	412,000
Protestant Christians	450,000
Roman Catholics	878,961
Karens—in British Burmah	500,000
Budhists—in British Burmah and Ceylon	2,230,000
Seikhs—in the Punjaub	2,000,000
Aboriginals and Outcasts	11,000,000
Mohammedans	25,000,000
Hindoos	176,000,000

There are a few Jews, Chinese, Portuguese, French, Americans, Nestorians, and others in the land, but of these we make no mention here.

The vastness of this wonderful country may be further illustrated by the amazing number of languages spoken throughout its wide extent; and it must be remembered that these are living languages, separate and distinct from each other, so that even the characters of their alphabets have no similarity, no more than the Greek letter has to the Roman. Nor do I include dialects of tongues or languages of limited and local use, but only those which are well known and extensively employed. Of such there are not less than *twenty-three* languages spoken in the various provinces of India. They are, 1. The Urdee—the Hindoostanee proper—the French of India, the language of the Mohammedans, of trade, etc.; 2. The Bengalee, spoken in Bengal and eastward; 3. The Hindee, used in Oude, Rohilcund, Rajpootana, Bundlecund, and Malwah; 4. The Punjabee, in the great Indus Valley; 5. The Pushtoo, in Peshawer and the far west; 6. The Sindhee, in the Cis-Sutlej States and Sinde; 7. The Guzerattee, in Guzerat and by the Parsees; 8. The Cutchee, in Cutch; 9. Cashmerian, in Cashmere; 10. Nepaulese, in Nepaul; 11. Bhate, in Bootan; 12. Assamese, in Assam; 13 and 14. Burmese and Karen, in Burmah and Pegu; 15. The Singhalese, in Ceylon; 16. The Malayalim, in Travancore and Cochin; 17. The Tamul, from Madras to Cape Comorin; 18. The Canarese, in Mysore and Coorg; 19. The Teloogoo, in Hydrabad and thence to the east shore; 20. The Oorya, in Orissa; 21. Cole and



HINDOOS.

Gond, in Berar; 22. Mahratta, in Bombay, Nagpore, and Gwalior; and, 23. The Khassiga, in the north-east. Add the English and there are *twenty-four living languages* ostensibly spoken in India to-day! Nor is this all—the great classics of the leading tongues, the ancient Pali, the Sanscrit, the Persian, and the Arabic, are studied and used by the scholarship of India, because they hold the venerable treasures of their voluminous literature, and are as important to their faiths as sacred Greek is to Christianity.

Compare India with Europe, leaving out Russia, and she has more states, more languages, and more people. The principal tongues of Europe are the English, French, Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, German, Russ, Polish, Turkish, Greek, Dutch, Danish, Swede, Norwegian, and Finn—fifteen. There are—according to the census of 1861, in Europe, fifty-two states, fifteen languages, and 198,014,432 people; in India three hundred and seventy-four states, twenty-three languages, and 212,483,247 people, giving India more states, languages, and population than all the great Western nations combined!

To understand India, what she is, and what was the force and importance of her great Sepoy Rebellion, and what will probably be her relation to Christianity and to that splendid future which awaits her, the reader needs to understand and bear these facts in mind.

In original race the Hindoos are beyond question Caucasian, and closely allied to the Celts, who first populated the British Isles. Their features and forms are as regular as our own. Indeed, the pure Hindoo has a fine mold, a beautifully chiseled head and face, and a well-shaped nose. He must have been originally white, for, in addition to his origin, we have the statement of his sacred books that his god Indra, after expelling the indigenous barbarians, "bestowed the fields on his *white-complexioned* friends."

Of course, his southern migration from his native Caucasian mountains, his peculiar mode of life, and the character of his food have made changes from the original type, and added a shade to his complexion; and this is equally true of the foreigner who followed him to India long afterward, the large-boned, hard-featured, and more massive Moslem. In speaking of India we may consider the Hindoo and the Mohammedan as representing the inhabitants, the others being too insignificant in numbers to influence the aspects or conditions of society.

In color now the people of India are nearer to the Arabians than to any other race that I had the opportunity of seeing—a warm olive color, with black hair and eyes, and regular features. The ladies are usually a shade lighter than the men, and those of high rank pride themselves upon their approximation to a fair complexion. There are said to be rare instances of real beauty in some of those zenana homes, the eye, the face, the form having a delicacy and harmony of the richest character, and all set off to the fullest perfection that dress, and jewelry, and elegant movement can add to the personal graces of the fair lady. If to these charms the light of education and the sanctity of a saving faith were added, India's daughters might well compare with the highest types of womanly loveliness on earth.

In size the people of India are somewhat below the Anglo-Saxon stature. This is especially true of the female portion, and is partly accounted for by their early marriages, which give their women no chance for development ere the cares of housekeeping and maternity are laid upon their youthful and delicate frames. The men make a better exhibit. To assist the reader in forming an idea of their appearance I have had two photographs engraved, one presenting the appearance of the Hindoos, and the other the Mohammedans.

The group first shown are Hindoos—a teacher with pupils around him in the usual methods of instruction. The clothing is scant according to our ideas, the chin is shaven, and the usual mode of sitting—in a land where they discard all chairs and sofas as artificial—is that here represented. The teacher, being a professional man, has his head uncovered. The "pagree" on the heads of the others, like Oliver Goldsmith's bureau bedstead, is required

"A double part to play,"

being a turban for the head by day, and a sheet to cover the whole body at night. For this latter purpose it is usually sufficient, as the object sought is not warmth, but protection from the mosquitoes and the light of the moon. They dread the rays of the moon on an uncovered



MOHAMMEDANS.

head or face, believing that it exposes them to lunacy.

The other group are Mohammedans. The reader sees at once a difference of race here; not the mild, submissive-looking Hindoo, but the self-asserting, turbulent, and fanatical Mohammedan. He religiously preserves his head and face from the razor, and his drapery is more abundant. These three men are "Moulries," of Rohilcund, and are just such men as those whom our missionaries have to meet and answer in the bazaars—men full of craft and logical subtilty, who hold women to be not only their natural inferiors, but who dare to teach that they are essentially vicious, and, as such, that education would not only be thrown away, but that it would become a weapon of mischief in their hands, and should, therefore, be kept out of their reach. But, in heaven's great mercy to those whom they have thus long crushed down so systematically, while men like these thus sit and argue over their Koran, modern India has begun to move without them, and they are in danger of finding themselves and their vile principles and prejudices left behind in the march of her progress and the redemption and elevation of her daughters.

The dress of both races is loose, flowing, and light, adapted to the climate, and allowing the freest use of the limbs. The usual color is white, save what is added for full dress or ornament on special occasions, or what may be requisite in the cooler season for warmth. The wealthy classes manifest considerable taste in the arrangement of their robes, and delight to set themselves off to the best advantage. In the opinion of the writer there is no costume anywhere that will do more justice to a splendid face and form than that preferred by the Hindoo gentry. "Christian" dress would be no improvement to them in any respect. One of the most charming sights of the future will be to see a Christian congregation of ladies and gentlemen in India dressed in the simple and elegant, "clean and white" robes of their country, with their brilliant black eyes and graceful forms and countenances made radiant with the light and loveliness of personal sanctification and joy. "Haste, happy day!"

The people of India are very fond of titles, are punctilious to the last degree as to points of precedence, and they manifest an external courtesy probably in excess of all other people. Nawab and Rajah are titles equivalent, the former being a Mohammedan and the latter a Hindoo title. They both express kingship, though often applied to those who are merely nobles or chiefs. Maha—great—is usually prefixed to Rajah when a reigning sovereign, either protected or semi-independent, is designated. Among the middle class of society we meet the title Lalla, which is applied to men of the Bemyahs and Writer castes, and to Brahmins who know only Hindee. Those Brahmins who add a knowledge of Sanscrit have the title of Pundit. Those who know and teach Persian, usually Mohammedans, are called Moonshees. Those who are acquainted with English and act as English writers are called Baboos. Indeed, this term is applied to most respectable natives in Bengal, and is somewhat equivalent to our English "Esquire."

Their acts of courtesy toward all whom they consider their superiors, religious or civil, are constant and highly deferential, and some of its forms are really very impressive and beautiful. If "the high soul of courtesy" were only associated with these utterances and elegant movements the intercourse of society there would be simply perfection. But the value of courtesy is not to be measured by its expression to those deemed our superiors. The genuine virtue is seen rather in our kindly conduct toward those below us in position. How superior to Hindooism is that divine rule of Christian courtesy—"condescend to men of low estate!" How far they seem from comprehending that self-forgetfulness and sweet simplicity of "humbling himself as a little child," or that dignity of service where, after the example of the Master and Lord, we would willingly "wash one another's feet!" But this is the genuine gentility of the heart, a creation of Christianity, and one of its most blessed peculiarities.

The character of the people of India, notwithstanding all that may be said in its favor under this aspect of courtesy of language and action, and what may be, and no doubt is, mild and tender in its domestic life, exhibits too painful evidence that it is not what it seems to be. "The mild Hindoo," under which aspect he was represented to our fathers before honest and candid men had an opportunity of judging his real nature, no longer misleads the opinion of the world.

The essential cruelty and heartless indifference of the system, even of its earliest history, is too plainly seen in the sanguinary penalties of Menu's ancient code, characterized by Sir William Jones, the translator of the Institutes, and a very lenient critic, who remarks: "The punishments of the Hindoos are partial and fanciful—for some crimes dreadfully cruel, for others reprehensibly slight." Their doctrine of retaliation as a rule of punishment, and their practice of mutilation, of which I have

seen some fearful examples in India; the inhumanity of their judicial and military proceedings; their utter absence of institutions for the relief of the tens of thousands of the lame, and blind, and the lepers who infest their highways; their legalized infanticide and suttee; their deified crime; their treatment of woman; the hellish deeds of "the Sepoy Rebellion"—all exhibit the tiger nature beneath that plausible exterior, which would not turn back or relent at the sight of blood or the spectacle of horrible atrocities.

The character that is "first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good works, without partiality and without hypocrisy," is formed only by a religion that "is from above," and that religion and the character it creates the Hindoo much requires, and by Heaven's mercy will yet receive, and then his admirable external courtesy will be the expression of his inward soul as it yields to the heavenly impulse to love and "honor all men."

I have frequently been questioned in regard to the duration of life in India—whether the men and women are long lived, etc. Such questions are not easily answered, vital statistics being hard to obtain and imperfect at best. Any thing in the shape of a census is abhorred by the people, not only because they fear that the requisition for the figures may intimate some new form of taxation, but more especially because they resent all questions that refer to the inmates of their dwellings, and wonder what concern it can be to the Government what may be the names or ages of their wives and children. Of course the more enlightened are above these wretched prejudices, and are willing to aid the English magistrates to obtain the requisite facts.

My impression is that the women of India are short lived. The disadvantages at which they are placed must tell upon them. Womanhood is so cheap there, the system of social life so exacting, and their miserable ignorance and prejudices in regard to accepting medical aid from one of the other sex so inveterate, that the ladies of that land must be used up very fast, and it is very likely that there are but few of them that ever reach a hearty old age.

The men have a much better chance, and we often see venerable old gentlemen sitting together as "elders" of their towns and villages. To the credit of the Hindoos it must be allowed that they pay great deference to age and office, and their old men receive much respect. If true religion were added to their gray heads and long, white beards, what "a crown of glory" would many of them wear! Yet, after all, in view of the immense population of the country, I think the death rate is high in India among both sexes, and that but few of them see length of days. The piety that would promote soundness of mind and physical purity, sanitary regulations, and measures to avert and mitigate disease and epidemics, that would ameliorate their home life and elevate their personal habits, and bring in intelligence and science to improve and bless them by a perpetual deliverance from the anxiety and care of caste food and cooking, and sanction their enjoyment of the wider range of nourishment which God has provided for them—all would tend to their health, development, and enjoyment, and by consequence promote their longevity.

The Hindoo chronology and divisions of time are very singular and even whimsical. They hold to four great ages of the world called Yugs. Each of these Yugs is inferior to its immediate predecessor in power, virtue, and happiness. These divisions are denominated the Satya, the Treta, Dwarper, and Kali Yugs, whose united length amounts to the prodigious extent of 4,320,000 years. Yet this sum of the ages is but a Kalpa, or one "Day of Brahma," at the end of which this sleepy deity wakes up to find the universe destroyed, and which he has then to reconstruct anew for another "Day" ere he again goes to sleep. The Satya Yug, they tell us, lasted 1,728,000 years, and was the age of truth—the golden age—during which the whole race was virtuous, and men lived to be 100,000 years old, and attained the stature of "twenty-one cubits"—thirty-seven feet—in height. The Treta Yug lasted 1,296,000 years—this was the silver age, using the same figures as the Greek and Roman poets—during which one-third of the race became corrupt, the human stature was lowered, and its life shortened to 10,000 years. The Dwarper Yug extended to only 864,000 years—their brazen age—when fully one-half the race degenerated, and their height was brought down further, and their lives limited to 1,000 years. The Kali Yug is the one in which we now live, and is regarded by them as the last—the iron age—in which mankind has become totally depraved, and their stature reduced to six feet, and their life limited to one hundred years. This Yug, according to them, began 4,950 years ago, and is to last exactly 427,050 years longer, which will close this Kalpa or "Day of Brahma."

They assert that one patriarch called Satyavrata, or Vaivaswata, had an existence running the whole period of the Satya Yug—1,728,000 years—that he escaped with his family from a

universal deluge which destroyed the rest of mankind. He is regarded by Indian archæologists as being the same person as the seventh Menu, so that Colonel Tod remarks, in his "Annals of Rajasthan," that all the oldest traditions "appear to point to one spot, and to one individual in the early history of mankind, when the Hindoos and the Greeks approach a common focus; for there is little doubt that Adnath, Adismard, Osiris, Baghes, Bacchus, Menu, Menes, designate the patriarch of mankind, Noah."

The "Night of Brahma" is held to be of equal length with his "Day," and that in the life of Brahma there are 36,000 such nights and days. At the end of each "Day" there is a partial destruction of the universe, and a reconstruction of it at the close of each "Night." During this long night sun, moon, and stars are shrouded in gloom; ceaseless torrents of rain pour down; the waves of the ocean, agitated with mighty tempests, rise to a prodigious height. The seven lower worlds, as well as this earth, are all submerged. In the midst of this darkness and ruin, and in the center of this tremendous abyss, Brahma reposes in mysterious slumber upon the serpent Ananta on eternity. Meanwhile the wicked inhabitants of all worlds utterly perish. At length the long "Night" ends, Brahma awakes, the darkness is instantly dispelled, and the universe returns to its pristine order and beauty.

This amazing chronology further states that when these 36,000 "Days" and "Nights"—each of them 4,320,000 solar years in duration—have run their course, Brahma himself shall then expire amid the utter annihilation of the universe, or its absorption into the essence of Brahm. This they call a Maha-Pralaya, or great destruction. After this Brahm—the original spirit—who had reposed during the whole duration of the creation's existence, awakes again, and from him another manifestation of the universe takes place, all things being reproduced as before, and Brahma, the creator, commencing a new existence; each creation being co-extensive with the life of Brahma and lasting over three hundred billions of years—311,140,000,000 years. The people of India believe that thus it has been during the past eternity, and thus it will continue to be in the eternity that is to come, an alternating succession of manifestations and annihilations of the universe at regular intervals of this inconceivable length.

Trevor has remarked that the present age—the Kali Yug—being 432,000 years, the other three Yugs are found simply by multiplying that number by two, three, and four respectively. The number itself is the tithe of the sum total of the four Yugs. The "divine year" being computed, like the prophetic, at "a year for a day"—counting 360 days to the year—is equal to 360 ordinary years; and these multiplied by the perfect number, 12,000, make 4,320,000 years, the sum of the ages, and a Kalpa or "Day of Brahma."

He supposes that, as this chronology is too absurd for literal reception, it must have been originally designed to express a sort of arithmetical allegory expressing the character rather than the duration of the periods referred to; while the descending ratios of 100,000, 10,000, 1,000, and 100 may indicate only the gradual shortening of the term of human life since the creation of man, as the corresponding proportions of the virtuous and the vicious denote the spread of moral evil, till in the present age "they are altogether become filthy." This theory I leave to the learned reader, having introduced the topic chiefly to illustrate the mental characteristics of the people of India, and to show into what vagaries the human intellect, albeit highly cultivated and subtle, can be drawn in the day-dreams of a people on whom the light of revelation never dawned. "Professing themselves to be wise they became fools" indeed.

Their divisions of time are singular: 18 Nimeshas (twinklings of the eye) are equal to 1 Kashta; 30 Kashtas, to 1 Kala; 30 Kalas (48 of our minutes), to 1 Muhurtta; 30 Muhurttas, to 1 day and night; 1 month of men, to 1 day and night of the Pitris (ancestors); 1 year of men, to 1 day and night of the gods. The Hindoos have 4 watches in the day and the same in the night; these are called *pahars*, and are 3 hours long, the first commencing at 6 o'clock, morning. The day and night together are also divided into 60 smaller portions called *gharees*, so that each of the 8 Pahars consist of 7 1–2 *gharees*. They have 12 months in the year, each month having 30 days. Half the month, when the moon shines, is called *Oojeeala pakh*, and the other half, which is dark, they call *Audhera pakh*, and these distinctions they recognize in writing and dating their letters. They count their era from the reign of Bikurmaditt, one of their greatest and best kings, the present year of their era being the 1,934. The Mohammedans date their era from the Hegira, or flight of Mohammed from Mecca, which took place in A. D. 622; this is therefore their 1,249th year. Both of these will yet give way when they receive the faith of Jesus, which will lead them henceforth and forever to date, as we do, from the year of our Lord Christ.

SUNLIGHT, STARLIGHT, AND CLOUD.

THE word "nature," signifying "about to be born," suggests to every thoughtful student something beyond the veil of sense and sight. Every thing around us is awaiting a natal hour, in which there shall come forth to the sincere soul some truth, absolute and eternal. To this bright consummation revelation helps the heart, and fills the world with the beauty and excellency of God. The problem of "the restitution of all things," is well-nigh solved when the humble and contrite heart looks up into the heavens and out upon the earth, and appreciates their mystic lessons. As Keble has put it in the Christian Year:

> "Two worlds are ours; 't is only sin
> Forbids us to descry
> The mystic heaven and earth within,
> Plain as the sea and sky.
>
> Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
> And love this sight so fair,
> Give me a heart to find out Thee,
> And read Thee every-where."

In taking up, therefore, the subject of *Sunlight, Starlight, and Cloud*, we will not content ourselves with what is "seen and temporal," but go on, as far as Scripture shall enable us, to the unseen and the eternal. We will not content ourselves with the *sunlight*, be it ever so brilliant and captivating, whether seen in the day, as it pours its flood of glory over the world; or, seen reflected as moonlight in the night-watches; we will not content ourselves with the *starlight*, and all its golden beauty, the jewelry of a far-off home; we will not content ourselves with the *clouds*, whether lying in their countless "flocks" around the shepherd-sun, or, receiving on their "fiery flanks," the too fierce rays that are darted down to earth, and might endanger man; or, blackening the whole heaven, and covering as with a pall man's dark and gloomy spirit; or, in the breathings of departing day, when, like shadowy coursers, they become long and fleet, fleeing away to the crimsoned west; we will not content ourselves with such visions only, but ask what such visions are designed to teach? Is there any thing beyond the sunlight to which it, as a good angel, is intended to lead us? Is there any consolation beyond the twinkling stars? Is there any lesson in the cloud-flocks, and cloud-palaces, and cloud-gloom, which the spirit should descry?

The purpose, then, of this paper, is to present a few analogies from the firmament, a few of those spiritual lessons which may be read by all in the glories of the sky. It will be expedient, before entering upon them, however, to have a clear conception of the symbolic significance of all these celestial objects, so that in cases where the lesson is a compound one, it may be at once appreciated.

Now, the *Sun* is taken in Scripture as the symbol of Jesus Christ. One or two passages will prove this: "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." In prophecy, again, he is spoken of as the Sun of Righteousness: "But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings." In apocalyptic vision, also, it is said of him, "His countenance is as the sun shineth in his strength." John viii, 12; Matt. iv, 2; Rev. i, 16. The *sunlight*, consequently, is a symbol of the light which Jesus sheds upon darkened man—"Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance." Psalm lxxxix, 15.

But the sunlight has a nightly manifestation; moonlight, as science teaches, is but the sun's reflected splendor. We might expect, accordingly, that in the sacred symbolism, the moon will be regarded as the emblem of the Church, or the individual believer, receiving light from Christ, and reflecting it upon a darkened world. And so it is; for Scripture speaks of the Church, and by consequence of the believer, as "fair as the moon." Song of Sol. iv, 10.

The *starlight*, again, has a similar significance. Stars are symbols of the good and true, who seek to light their fellow-men home to God. Hence it is said, that in the right hand of Christ are seven stars—Rev. i, 16—which are the symbols, according to the context, of ministers; while again the idea seems extended to all who labor to save souls: for "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." Daniel xii, 3. The starlight, consequently, is the symbol of the light which the true and the good are ceaselessly shedding, by their holy lives, upon the darkness of the world, "until the day dawn and the day-star arises."

While the *clouds* symbolize whatever interposes itself between men and the heavenly lights, either in the way of *mercy*, as a shelter from excessive brilliancy and heat, as when God is represented as spreading "a cloud for a covering," as well as the fire to give light in the night—Psalm cv, 39—and which we shall see was a symbol of our Lord's humanity; or, in the way of *judgment*, in which case the clouds are symbols of our sins and God's wrath—"Your iniquities have separated between you

and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear." Isa. lix, 2.

We are now in possession of the keys of our analogies, so that we can open the doors and pass on. And truly it is to enchanted chambers that they lead us, chambers not built or furnished by common hands, for he that built these things is God. We shall begin with the sunlight:

1. The sunlight is *constantly passing down to earth.* The tide of light is ever on the flow, it never for one moment ebbs:

> "An endless sea,
> That flows but ebbs not, breaking on the shore
> Of this dark earth with never-ceasing wave."
> *Bonar's Hymns, Vol. I.*

And though we do not always enjoy his beams, because cloud or earth may intercept them, we feel that the sun has not ceased to shine, but that he is bright as ever beyond the clouds, or the western hills, and is in fact a ceaseless worker. And is not this to teach us about the better Sun which has arisen upon darkened souls? Christ's beams, so joy-inspiring, are constantly darting down to man. He is ever shining; and it is because we allow the earth to turn us away from him, because we allow the cares of this life, and the deceitfulness of riches, to rise like thick clouds above us, that we miss his light and our own personal joy.

2. The sunlight *respects not persons.* It shines alike on prince and peasant. It is as gay in the corner of a cottage, as in the corridors of a palace. It is as willing to paint with heaven's own beauty, the wild flowers in the woods, or the geranium in the workman's window, as the camellias and other exotics in the conservatories of a queen. It enlivens the lark, as he rises with the dew on his breast, until he becomes a sightless song, just as gladly as the eagle that soars nearer to the sun. And if a stone or other shade, cast carelessly by man, prevent a tiny flower from becoming strong in the sunlight, we are accustomed to lay the blame where it is due, we never think of blaming the constant sun.

And is not this to teach us that the better Sun, Jesus Christ, is in his shining no respecter of persons either? On poor as well as rich, on Pagan, and Papist, and Protestant he shines. Wave after wave of light is laving our very feet. And if in such circumstances some do not profit by his beams, denying them to themselves, or denied them by the malice, or cunning, or indifference of others, surely we shall not dare to say there is any respect of persons with the Lord! Shall we not rather read in the book of nature the same words as are given us in revelation: "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life?"

3. The sunlight is *ever silent.* There is no blowing of trumpets at sunrise, no brag, no advertisement; conscious of power, and with excellent dignity, the orb of day steals over the eastern hills and enters his empire. He is robed in unostentatious power—God's protest daily against noisy, boastful, and ambitious man!

And is not the silence of the light to teach us about Him whose voice was not heard in the streets, who did not strive nor cry? about him whose work was done so meekly, silently, unostentatiously, the entire contrast to the sensationalism of his own and every succeeding age? Yes, and it is to teach us about a "kingdom that cometh not with observation," that steals silently over human hearts, like "the gathering moss," and to which, if we ourselves belong, we will always prove faithful and true in doing our work, not in and for the world's eye, not with music and loud-sounding timbrel, but in and for the eye of the great Task-master, and amid the unheeded music of the spheres! It is not the loudest worker that is the best; the greatest work has been done in the silence, and its history written only in the book of the Lord's remembrance!

4. The sunlight again is *the source of all earthly power.* It is now generally admitted that power comes from the sun; that the heat which now drives our railways, our mills, our ocean steamers, is nothing but warm sunlight which has been treasured up for ages in the trees of the early time, which now compose our invaluable coal-beds. In fact, coal may be regarded as embodied sunbeams, as an imperial "savings-bank," where the superfluous riches of the distant past have been treasured to meet the exigencies of to-day.

And is this not to teach us that every particle of spiritual life and heat that the Church now enjoys, came originally from Him who is the Sun of Righteousness? What are the books of the mighty dead, whose warm and illuminating thoughts are cheering the Church in the sojourn below? Are they not the spiritual coal-beds out of which our mining ministers, and Sabbath-school teachers and students, are extracting what is needful to enlighten present darkness, and keep out the cold? And whence did the thought come to these mighty men, which they have thus treasured up for us? It came, so far as it was heavenly and eternal, from Jesus Christ; their sunlight has thus become ours. And if we have got directly any sunlight ourselves that might illumine or warm

others who may follow us, we are bound, according to our opportunity, to treasure it up and bequeath it to them. But in all these things the one lesson is what the Lord taught the disciples—"without me ye can do nothing."

5. The sunlight, again, is *ever pure*. It may expose to view earth's crimes, pollutions, miseries, but it is never tainted by them. It may light up the battle-field, with all its horrible carnage; the gaming-table, with all its unholy excitement; the house of infamy, where creatures made in the Divine image show themselves to be worse than the beasts that perish, yet it is pure and unsullied all the while. It may show, but it never contracts, defilement.

And is this not to teach us about Christ—how he passed through temptation scatheless; how he had converse with even publicans and harlots, and yet came uninjured out of it; how he tabernacled for better than thirty years with sin, living in Nazareth for the most part, a perfect citadel of crime, and yet was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners; how all he did was to show to men their sin by his own pure sinlessness, and point them to a better and happier way?

We pass now to *Moonlight*, which, we have seen, is only reflected sunlight, and to the lessons it is designed to teach. The moon, it will be remembered, is the symbol of the Church, or the individual believer, and the moonlight consequently of the light shed upon the world by the individual believer, or by the collective body, the Church. We are now leaving the day for the "beauteous, mystic night," and all its "moon-lit mysteries."

1. The moonlight is *variable*. We all know more or less about the moon's *phases*—how she passes from the little rim of light on through her quarters till she is full, and then steadily wanes until she is dark again. There is no such constancy about the moonlight as we have with the sunlight. The natural darkness of the moon blends almost always with the light from the sun, giving but an imperfect reflection to the earth, so that when we read about the "lesser light to rule the night," we begin to note that hers is at best but an imperfect reign.

And is this not intended symbolically to teach us at once the imperfection of Churches and of individual believers? There is in the Church variability, "the shadow," most assuredly, "of turning." There has not been "full moon" always in the spiritual firmament, but the glory of one age of the Church has been followed by the darkness of the next. There has not been the constant, steady shining; the night has been often darker than it need have been, but for sinful man. We have only to consult Church history to make this lesson plain.

But to turn to the variability of the individual believer for a little, there are one or two points of interest that demand attention. The moon, it must be remembered, is sometimes only *apparently dark*. Lying between the earth and the sun, one side is really light, but it is not the earthward side. This is the case just before new moon. And does this not suggest to us the thought, that a believer may be bathed in the sunlight of a present heaven, while the world may know nothing of it? Oftentimes when bereavement, for example, comes upon a child of God, the world imagines that all is dark and desolate in the tried spirit, whereas behind the mourning there may be a serenity, and light, and peace, passing all understanding. Like the pillar of cloud, he is darkness to the Egyptians, but a fiery, cheerful light to the eyes that are watching from afar.

Yet there is a *real* darkness attaching to the moon, which has its counterpart in the Christian life, when the earth comes right between the sun and the moon, and the latter suffers a "total eclipse." And is this not to teach that if, as believers, we allow the earth and the concerns of it to get in between us and him who is the Sun of Righteousness, then gloom and misery must be the result? "The cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches" will, if we are not watchful, cast their dark shadow over our spirits, and shut out the cheering beams of the better Sun.

But even when the Christian is not in darkness, the light he sheds upon the world is variable in the extreme. He waxes and wanes most curiously. To-day, perhaps, he is all radiant with holy joy, his face shining like that of an angel, while to-morrow it will most likely be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" and care, while the day after, all may be bright once more. Such changes, while undesirable and to be avoided, should not surprise us.

2. The moonlight is *unsatisfying*. We accept it thankfully in the absence of the sun, but we rejoice always to think that it is prophetic of the day. The true relations of things can not in all cases be then perceived; it is at best but a temporary expedient until the real light has risen. May not the rapture of lovers, in the pale moonlight, be due to its prophetic character? Does it not correspond thoroughly with their feeling, longing as they are for the bright and real day?

And is this not to teach us how unsatisfying all the holiness of the saints must prove apart

from that of Christ? There is a void left by all "hero worship; this light from mere man is moonlight at the very best; only the light from him who is God as well as man is fit to satisfy us; it is *sunlight* in which men may see light. "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

But there are nights without even this "pale moonlight," in which, however, there are other orbs greeting us from afar—

"To show through moonless skies that there is light in heaven."

From the sunlight and the moonlight, therefore, we are led to the *Starlight* and its lessons. And when we contemplate the stars, we can appreciate a great writer when he says, "If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe, and adore, and preserve, for many generations, the remembrance of the city of God, which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile." Now "these envoys of beauty" are symbols, as we have seen, of those earnest workers, who, in the dark night of the world, seek to show to men on pilgrimage the path to the land of eternal promise. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

1. The starlight is *exquisitely blended.* Though made up of mere specks of light, there is harmony throughout the whole. Poets are constantly asking us to listen to the harmonies among the stars, "that each to other in its motion sings." They tell us of

"The chiming spheres
By God's own finger touched to harmony."

And surely we would do well to learn the lesson of harmonious co-operation from them. One star differeth from another star in glory, yet each in its separate sphere doth "but fulfill the beauty of the whole." Sown by the Master-hand at creation over the azure field, each is in its fitting sphere, helpful and harmonious there. There is no conflict among them, no rivalry, no envy; all is earnest, loving, joyous harmony, every star blending with its mates to give to man the surpassing beauty.

And is not this to teach us that, as workmen for one Lord, we have all our starry sphere assigned us, and therefore need not and should not imagine that any other one can either occupy our place or interfere with our shining? In the firmament of mind, the stars are sown by the self-same hand as in the firmament of nature; and if one star differeth from another star in glory, shall minor stars complain and aspire to be "the gayer, brighter thing that wantons near?" No, no; envy and jealousy amid the workmen, argue forgetfulness of the existence and arrangements of the Master. The countless myriads of stars have their sphere and their power given them. "He calleth all by their names," and not a star, tiny though it be, but has from him its place, its glory, its power. So is it with earnest workers now, so will it be in the resurrection of the dead.

2. The starlight is *universal.* England is not the only star-lit land: China, Africa, Hindostan, yea, all kingdoms and countries, not to speak of any sea, are lit up by similar glories to those that shine above us.

And is not this prophetic altogether? For when we think of many lands, in which there is a firmament of mind, where a few stars only are shining to give them light in the night—about one hundred missionaries, for instance, shining down upon China's four hundred millions—we begin to wonder and to fear what the issue of all this will be; but then should we not say to our doubting hearts, that such lands as China have as rich a *natural* starlight as we have ourselves, and that God will yet give them as rich a *spiritual* starlight; that ere the day dawns, every land will have its mental firmament as richly studded as its natural firmament, even with those destined to shine forever and ever?

3. The starlight is *steadily changing.* Some stars have disappeared in the memory of man, and the whole panorama is steadily, though almost imperceptibly, shifting. Our solar system is not a boat at anchor in an azure haven of perpetual rest; the anchor has been lifted long ago, and we are drifting slowly across the universe. Some of the stars have gone out of the field of vision, like the light of some sister ship that passes ours on the ocean. Or, they may have burned out, or changed rapidly their place, gone away to shine in some other part of the great universe of God. It is then perfectly possible; when we remember that some of the stars are so far away that the light has taken ages to travel to us; that some of these stars now seen by us, whose light is now entering our eyes, may be gone long ago to another sphere, in which they are now shining, watched, it may be, by earnest eyes, eyes not so "wild as ours."

And is not this to teach us about steady, ceaseless change in the firmament of the Church? Is it not to illustrate how stars in "the world of mind" are going out as far as our eyes are concerned—we shall see their face no more, only that they may shine in a brighter world; and

how some stars are shedding light in two spheres at once, their light still traveling down to us, while they themselves have begun their shining in the firmament of heaven?

4. The starlight *follows the sunlight.* Steadily from east to west, in "the track of the golden day," are the stars proceeding, following the sun most patiently, and marking his path with uncounted gold. And is this not to teach us that the only true stars in the firmament of life are those who are following him who is the Sun of Righteousness? Only then can we hope to lead others into the true and the joyful day.

5. The starlight is *invisible during the day.* We must not suppose that there are no stars during the day-time. Were we to descend a mine and look up the long dark shaft, we would see stars glittering in the day just as at night. But the sun has, with his superior glory, quenched their comparatively tiny light, so that we admire him only. As Herbert daintily expresses it—

> "The sun still shineth there or here,
> Whereas the stars
> Watch an advantage to appear."

And is this not to teach us about the state of things in heaven, when the night of earth will be over, and everlasting day be come? Then shall all the stars of earth, these mighty, *truthful* men, pale their fires before the glory of the Sun of Righteousness. They shall still shine, yes, forever and ever, but their glory will be well-nigh lost in the glory that excelleth, the glory of Immanuel himself. "The Lamb is the light" of the heavenly city.

And now for a few thoughts about the *Clouds* that intercept the sunlight, moonlight, and starlight from our gaze.

1. Consider the "*cloud-palaces.*" Borrowing the term, and some of the thoughts, from Mr. Ruskin, in his noble last volume of the *Modern Painters,* I wish at this point to give the subject of the clouds the spiritual significance to which I firmly believe it is entitled. Now, by cloud-palaces we are to understand not these dark and gloomy visitors which come like a pall over sun, moon, and stars, reminding us of judgment, but those clouds that flit over the sky as fair as the virgin snow, receiving upon their vaulted roofs the fierce rays of the Summer sun, and looking like marble palaces, only more lovely by far than any palace earth ever knew. And it is as well to notice in passing, that "the balancing of these clouds" has not yet been explained upon scientific grounds, but remains one of the secrets of the Great Architect, which his children have yet to unravel.

Of what are these palaces the symbol? A captive people once passed, we are told, through a great and howling wilderness to freedom and rest in Canaan; and while they marched under a burning sun God, we are told, "spread a cloud for a covering, and fire to give light in the night." The meaning of this evidently is, that the Shekinah cloud spread itself over the mighty host, so that they were not overpowered by the heat. That pillar of cloud and fire, cloud without, visible alone in the day; fire within, glaring out in the night, was, as we know, the symbol of the Divine presence. But of what presence? A symbol of God *as manifested to man;* not, of course, a symbol of the invisible essence, in other words, a symbol of God manifest in the flesh. Are we not, then, warranted in concluding that the compound pillar—fire and cloud—was the symbol of the compound person who should afterward appear, the fire symbolizing the divinity, as the cloud the humanity, of the Lord Jesus Christ?

Hence the lesson of these cloud-palaces is clear. As they shelter us from the heat, and tone down the excess of brilliancy, they are emblems of the humanity of Christ, which at once revealed God to man, and sheltered him from his wrath. "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." And so when we see these cloud-palaces, so exquisitely beautiful, flitting above us and gilded by the sun, we are to remember One who is fairer than the children of men, whom God hath blessed forever; and as these same clouds are "combed out" by the rude winds and finally disappear, we are to think of that same Jesus who was taken up from us into heaven, and who shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven!

2. Consider the cloud-gloom. We come now to consider those other clouds, dark, lurid, terrible, that often shut out from our vision the "kindly lights of heaven." Their history is plain: they rise out of the earth, they grow out of the oblations which the oceans, seas, and rivers, the pools, the lakes, and the moist earth offer to the sun. Sometimes they hang right over their birthplace; at other times they are wafted by the winds from some distant watery waste.

And does this not present to us symbolically the entire philosophy of Christian gloom? It may come through ourselves—that is, may be self-imposed. For, as an old writer says, "The brightest day hath its clouds, the purest gold its dross; the most refined soul hath some lees of corruption." The body may by its weakness

have sent up, like the damp earth, a cloud to obscure the better sun. Many a gloomy hour, in which we feel there is a cloud between us and Christ, is due, not to spiritual declension at all, but to bodily disorganization, and we may be worrying ourselves with a fruitless self-examination and analysis, when the gloom, the dark cloud, has really risen out of the clay.

But, again, the backslidings of Christians do project over the secret sun many dark clouds. A little sin, like the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which the prophet's servant saw from Carmel, rises in the spiritual firmament, and it soon grows until the whole heaven is black with clouds and wind. Our iniquities have separated between us and our God, and our sins have hid his face from us that he will not hear. We may have been allowing earth and the things of it to take a greater hold upon us than is meet, and so out of the soil of our own unholy hearts the black cloud has arisen.

Yet in such a case let us not despair. Nature gives symbolically the remedy as well as the evil. The Lord will, if we ask him, blot out as a thick cloud our transgressions, and as a cloud our sins. Isaiah xliv, 22. Now, how is a cloud dispelled? The wind rises, and, by its power, erases it from the face of the sky. And there is a wind that bloweth where it listeth, which will arise at the bidding of true prayer, and, blowing over the firmament of the soul, will cause all such shadows to flee away. By the Holy Spirit's gracious breathings we may all come out of the gloom of our backslidings into the peace and joy of unclouded day.

One other lesson from cloud-land. Dark clouds may be wafted over us, coming through no fault of ours. In other words, gloom may arise from affliction. The breath of God's Spirit may have blown the clouds of trial and distress over us, and we may imagine all these things are against us. But if we only wait the cloud will descend in blessing so abundant as to make up for all. "The Lord's favor is as a cloud of the latter rain;" yea, "he establishes the clouds above," and "by his knowledge the clouds drop down the dew." "Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain; so the Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain." Prov. xvi, 15; viii, 28; iii, 20; Zech. x, 1. So grace may come through a cloud. It may not be amiss for us to pitch our tents, like true Israelites, under it, that we may receive the grace and guidance needful for an entrance into the promised land!

And so we have considered Sunlight, Starlight, and Cloud, and found some precious lessons in them. The El Dorado of truth is near to every patient, thoughtful soul. Nature has myriad voices for her true children about the spiritual and lasting life. Let us never be deaf to them, and though some of her music, on account of our sin, must be plaintive and sad, yet if we take kindly to her teaching there will soon be other voices greeting us, voices "above the stars heard," and they are singing now, and will be singing when we happily join them, the song which none but the redeemed can sing—"Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth."

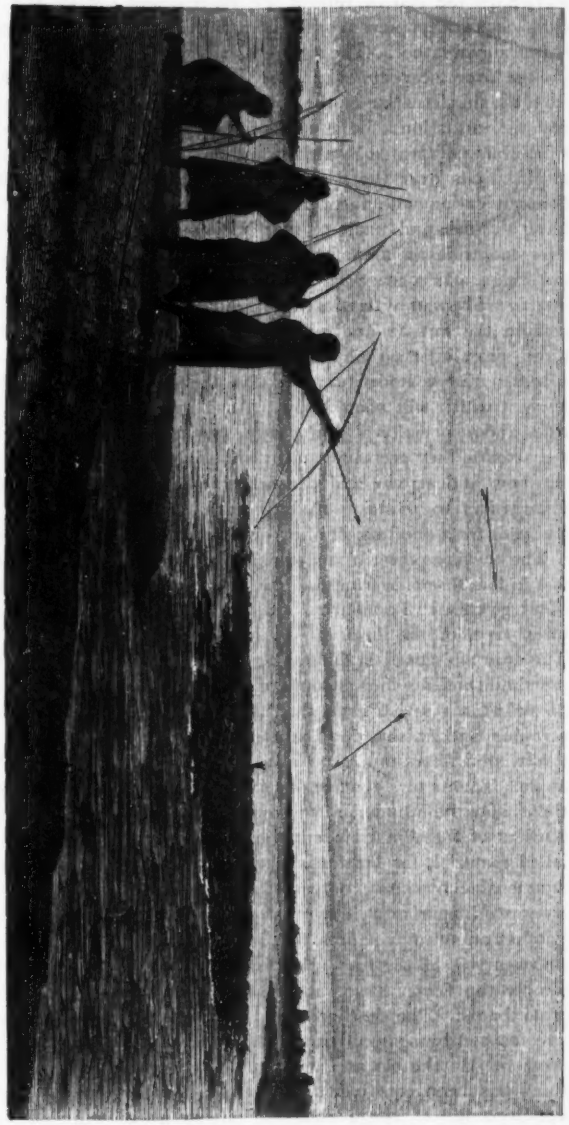
"THE CATTLE OF THE SOLIMOENS;"

OR, THE FRESH-WATER TURTLE OF THE AMAZONS.

THE head-quarters of the large edible turtle of the Amazons lie in the upper part of the great river system which fills the equatorial plains of South America. In the lower course of the river, at least for five or six hundred miles from the mouth upward, where the stream, three to seven miles broad, flows rapidly down a broad valley hemmed in by hilly ranges, the turtle is met with but very rarely. When met with, it is only as a straggler from the upper river, and it does not deposit its eggs or assemble in great bodies. The same may be said of the great cayman—*Jacare nigra*—the manatee, and several of the larger fresh-water dolphins. All these large and remarkable aquatic animals are characteristic of the waters of the Upper Amazons, where the slower current and the countless sluggish back channels and chains of lakes form a domain well fitted for their development. The upper part of the great river flows through a nearly level plain, about a thousand miles in length from east to west, and four hundred miles in width from north to south. It may be said to commence on the eastern side, near the mouths of the Madeira and Rio Negro, and to extend to the foot of the Andes. Over the whole district the land is covered with a dense, impenetrable, and lofty forest; the slope is very gradual and slight from west to east, and still more slight in a transverse direction toward the main river. Owing to this, perhaps, and to the great and almost constant rain-fall, with diminished evaporation, the courses of the rivers are exceedingly winding, and the waters collect at intervals into sheets of water, with frequent areas, large as English counties, choked up with lux-

uriant marsh vegetation. In such a region, lying near the equator, with a high and uniform temperature—about 80° Fahrenheit—there is no cause for wonder at the abundance of large and strange forms of aquatic life. Of these the most useful to man is the large edible turtle.

This animal is of a tolerably regular oval form, measuring, when full grown, about three feet by two. Its upper or dorsal shell has very little convexity, and its legs are short; it is, therefore, unable to right itself when by force or accident it is thrown on its back. The horny covering of its shell is thin and of a dull blackish hue, and altogether it presents a very different appearance from the marine turtle, so much prized by our city *gastronomes*, and so often exhibited alive in the windows of our chief dining-houses. Its flesh is white, tender, and good-flavored, and those who have tried both give the preference to the Amazonic turtle for richness of taste, although in the wild region, where alone it can be had, the trial has to be made under the disadvantage of lack of all those additions afforded by the spices, butter, variety of herbs, and other resources of a civilized *cuisine*. The Indians and other inhabitants of the Upper Amazons rely upon it as their chief article of animal food throughout the year, the absence of grass land in the whole region having hitherto prevented the introduction, or at least the increase of cattle. It has, however, other uses to them of not less importance. From the very oily eggs they prepare a thick, impure oil, or liquid butter, which they use for lamps and as fat to fry their fish and bananas. This is an article of exportation from the district of the upper river, many thousand gallons, contained in earthenware jars, being sent to the civilized settlements on the lower river, where turtle butter is much used by the poorer classes. The skin makes a useful tough leather for various purposes. As a supply of the animal is to be obtained only in the dry season, when the waters of the river and lakes are low, the stores of turtle have to be kept in the villages in little ponds, which each householder excavates in the garden at the rear of his house. The turtle—called by the inhabitants, with justice, "O gado do Solimoens," that is, the cattle of the Solimoens, or Upper Amazon—is connected, therefore, in many ways with the daily life and habits of the scattered population of this remote semi-aquatic region. Let us endeavor to follow their proceedings in hunting the animal and preparing oil from its eggs.



TURTLE SHOOTING.

We will commence with the beginning of the dry season—a short spell of time in this watery wilderness, when the clouds no longer distill their daily showers, and the great river ebbs from the shores of the village ports with the steadiness of a great annual tide.

Toward the end of June a few clear bright days occur, after seven or eight months' constant rainy weather. The villagers, half-starved by the long scarcity of animal food, arising from the flooded state of the country, note with joy the cessation of the rise of the waters, which had penetrated by a thousand creeks and ramifications over the whole land, cutting off communication with the plantations, and enabling the fish and turtle to scatter themselves over too wide an area for the success of the fishermen. In a few days the waters ebb; the muddy and swampy land dries up; trees blossom in the forest; and swarms of migratory birds pass over to new feeding or nestling places. Every body prepares for the turtle harvest which will soon follow. As a general rule, and especially at the commencement of the season, they are obtained by shooting with the bow and arrow; and the first care of the villagers is to re-string their powerful bows, and prepare a good stock of arrows.

The bow is a powerful instrument about seven feet in length, made from the hard, horny wood of a tree called "Pao d'arco," a lofty, handsome forest-tree, of the *Leguminosæ* or pea family. The only tools used in fashioning it are a common knife and the incisor tooth of a large rodent animal (*Cælogenys Paca*), the latter used for scraping and finishing. The cord is made of the twisted fibers of a plant allied to the pine-apple. The arrows are five feet in length. For the shafts the wonderful "arrowgrass" of the borders of the Amazons supplies a ready finished material, for lightness and strength unsurpassable by the resources of the most consummate human art. The grass grows in large patches on swampy shores, to a height of fifteen or twenty feet; the part used for the arrow is simply the flower stem, and is therefore free from knots. The feather wings of the arrow are secured by neat cotton thread, spun by the women. At the tip an ingenious loose spear-head has been contrived to meet the peculiar requirements of turtle fishing. The point is made of the best steel, and is fixed into a peg of hard wood; this peg fits into the hollow at the tip of the arrow, and a fine and strong twine connects the two, the twine, some twenty fathoms in length, being neatly wound round the end of the shaft. By this arrangement the turtle, which, of course, can not be killed by an arrow, is pierced in its dorsal shell by two or three successive arrows, and pulled up to the surface by the lines, after it has dived toward the bottom with the loosened steel tips adhering to its shell.

Well, the village blacksmiths, who alone can make the steel points of the requisite shape and temper, are very busy during these days. The men get out their old fishing nets and mend them; caulk and repair their canoes; and as soon as their wives can prepare a supply of mandioca meal, to serve as their main-stay in the way of vegetable food, they are off to the unfrequented parts of the river.

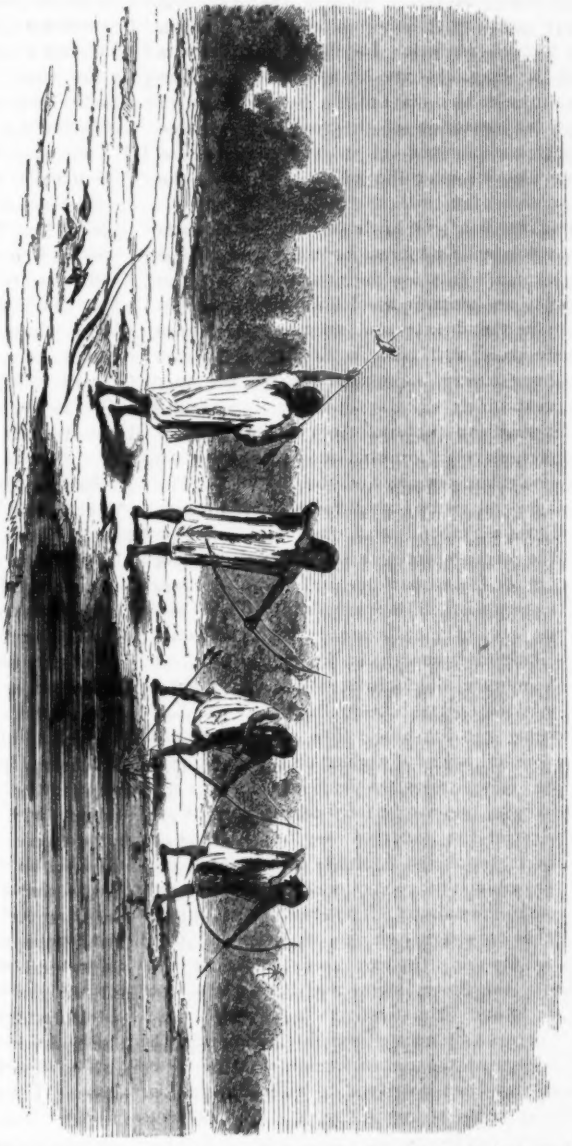
The turtle inhabits almost exclusively the waters of the main river of the Upper Amazons, and the creeks, back channels, pools, and lakes connected with it. In the tributary rivers it is much less common; and, in fact, those tributaries which have clear or dark waters, unlike the main stream, which has turbid, clayey water, are almost destitute of this valuable animal. The settlements, both Indian and civilized, however, are almost all situated on the banks of clear water, affluents, and lakes, owing to their immunity from mosquitoes, and consequently it is often a long boat voyage to reach the uninhabited places where turtles abound. The principal channel of the main stream has an average breadth of about three miles, but this channel in scarcely any place constitutes the whole river. Most frequently islands, or chains of islands, divide it into two or more broad arms, each a mile or two in width; and there are besides inland arms, or loops, called in the Indian language "Parana-miris," or "little rivers," which leave the main stream, and rejoin it again lower down. Some of these, of course, are of short extent, but several are hundreds of miles in length, and themselves become the receptacles of large tributary rivers. In all these branches and inland arms, as well as near the mouths of every tributary flowing from north or south, there are large expansions of water, some only a few miles in area, others of the dimensions of lakes, with blank sea horizons in place of the opposite shore. The lakes arise from the slight slope of land on either side toward the central channel of the river. The main river has generally a powerful current, and the waves rise high in the sudden squalls which are liable to occur at all seasons. The banks present every-where the most inhospitable appearance. In very few places, for seven hundred miles, is there a spot which could be fixed upon as a promising site for a town. A vertical cliff of clay or earth, falling in masses, with all the superincumbent vegeta-

tion, wherever the set of the current sweeps in that direction, is the principal feature met with.

In the flood season—March to July—the waters of the river have risen about forty feet above low water; they are then nearly on a level with all the less elevated parts of the earthy banks, and pour through the numerous water-courses and depressions into the interior of the land, filling the half-dried pools, and converting, in some places, whole districts into a net-work of inland waters. At this time the turtles are living in these interior pools, feeding and fattening on the fruits that fall from the trees. As soon as the first signs of desiccation appear in July, they warily escape by the nearest outlet into the main river. At least this happens to all those with whom the instinct of pairing is operating. The others—the very old and the young in all stages—remain in the pools, where, cut off from escape by the drying up of the channels of exit, they are found, sometimes crowded together in dense swarms in the diminished water, about the middle of August.

The first excursions of the villagers are made to these inland pools; and as the same spots are not equally favored by the turtles from year to year, it is necessary first to explore the forest, and find out the best places. Many of the knowing ones leave the village slyly, unknown to their neighbors, and return in a few days with a boat-load of turtles, keeping the locality of their successful search as a secret for their own benefit. The price of a moderate-sized turtle, in the times before steam-boat navigation and increased trade raised the prices of all articles of food, was about a quarter of a dollar—not very dear for fifteen or twenty pounds of delicious meat. Since then the value has increased to about two dollars.

The situation of some of the larger pools, which annually yield a greater or less number of young turtles, is more generally known, and parties of the towns-people are formed to visit them, and chase the animals under fair, neighborly conditions. They embark at the villages in their separate light canoes, glide down the smooth waters of the tributary on which their quiet homes are situated into the turbulent main river, and, after one or two long days' journey, arrive at the fishing grounds. By this time the surface of the Amazons has sunk some twenty feet below the outlets to the lakes; a convenient spot has therefore to be sought for mooring the



INDIANS SHOOTING FISH.

canoes and forming a rough encampment on the river bank. Here rude shelters are quickly erected, by fixing stout poles in the light soil, and forming a roof of the broad leaves of palm-trees. When all is ready, the smallest of the canoes are hauled up the steep bank, a road is cleared with cutlasses through the entangled forest, rollers of short cut poles are laid down, and the canoes run over the ground to the banks of the pool. The skilled fishermen then embark, one in each skiff, with an Indian or boy at the stern to steer. Some of them erect stages in tripod form in the shallow waters to stand upon; others station themselves on the bank.

The situation of these turtle lakes and pools is wild and picturesque. They often cover many acres, and ramify into many winding nooks and harbors. All around rises the glorious, infinitely varied tropical forest; scattered amid the greenery are groups of palm-trees of many different forms—some with massive, erect columnar stems, others with light, gracefully curving shafts, bearing aloft their nodding plumes of foliage; in the rear are the more bulky, rounded forms of forest-trees of the most diversified foliage, amid which the voices of parrots and toucans are heard, or troops of gamboling monkeys seen leaping from branch to branch; while the water frontage presents a luxuriant drapery of climbing plants, covering the face of the nearest trees, from the water's edge to the upper branches, with a curtain of elegant foliage, or hanging from projecting boughs in garlands and streamers. Flowers are rarely seen amid the uniform bright-green clothing; but here and there a brilliant scarlet passion-flower attracts the eye, or long panicles of yellow or pink flowers of climbing *Combretaceæ* vary the monotony. The lower bushes near the water consist of wild fruit-trees of the guava (*Psidium*) or inga (*Inga*, fam. *Leguminosæ*) genera. The edges of the pools seldom show the bare muddy earth, but are clothed with a tough, spongy growth of marsh plants; and over them stretch the fronds of gigantic ferns, which grow in great profusion on the ground and the trunks of trees every-where in these humid districts.

The skill of the fishermen, and the temper of their steel-pointed arrows, are soon put to the test. Although the calm surface of the pools at first shows no indication of animal life, signs of turtles are presently seen in winding lines of disturbed water; the indications are followed by the canoes in various directions, the steersmen paddling stealthily, and all voices hushed. Presently the snouts of the animals peer above the surface, when they rise to breathe the indispensable air; the convex portion of the shell next emerges; the bow of the fisherman is bent, and an arrow is quickly seen quivering in the bony covering. An experienced fisherman does not hesitate to shoot at a distance of seventy or eighty paces, although he prefers a nearer shot. It is on this account they erect the stages in the middle of the pool; for the wary animals can not be reached so closely in canoe as from a spot where the marksman remains stationary and motionless. A long shot, however, tests their skill; and they have a pride on these occasions, at the commencement of a field-day, in displaying their ability. The arrow, describing a parabolic curve, has to be elevated; and as there is no "sight" to guide the marksman, the nicety with which he calculates the distance and the degree of elevation is astonishing. They seldom miss; on the instant that one arrow has told, a second is let fly, and the light skiff is paddled forward with the speed of lightning. The concussion loosens the arrow-points; the shafts remain floating, with the attached cord unreeling at a great rate as the wounded animal dives along the bottom. The shafts secured, however, the fisherman takes his time about the finishing of his work; he gently hauls in the lines together, the animal is brought up, and helplessly laid on his back in the bottom of the canoe.

All the party are thus employed, and at the end of the day's work they return to the encampment on the banks of the river. Here some of them vary the day's sport by shooting fish with the bow and arrow, as represented in the engraving. For this a different kind of weapon is necessary—a simple steel point, long and fine, with a barb at the base. A quick eye, and some practice in calculating the amount of refraction in the water, are required for success in this kind of fishing, and these very few Indians, or half-castes of the villages, or even boys above the age of fourteen, are without. At sundown the hearty and well-earned meal is enjoyed, and then smoking, and rum-drinking, and story-telling are kept up far into the night. The sport is continued the next day, but not with so much success, as the turtles become more wary after one day's persecution. Sometimes it becomes impossible to get near an animal at all, and then netting is tried with a long stout dragnet. To work with this all must get into the water, and, as these pools abound with alligators, leeches, and spiteful-biting fishes, it is a mode of fishing not much resorted to.

As the dry season progresses the declining river lays bare the extensive sand-banks which

form in tranquil waters at the upper and lower ends of islands, and on which the turtle annually deposits its eggs. Some of these banks are many miles in length by a mile or two in width, and form gently undulating surfaces, with their highest parts lying twenty or thirty feet above the surface of the river when at its lowest point. They vary in the fineness of the sand of which they are composed, and, as the turtles choose only the finest, the number of favorite banks is somewhat limited. The principal sand-banks—or "prayas," as they are called—lie between Coary and Tabatinga on the Upper Amazons, the best of all being near the mouths of the rivers Jurua and Jutahi, in the wildest and most thinly inhabited part of the whole of this interior region. Another peculiarity is that the turtles will lay only in the higher part of the banks, and at a great distance from the water—a marvelous case of instinctive foresight, for it is by this only that they secure a good chance of the eggs hatching before the flood season, commencing in November, might inundate the nests and destroy the progeny of the year.

The mother turtles, having escaped from the inland pools, congregate in the tranquil waters and bays near the sand-banks, and watch their opportunity of crawling on to the sands in safety. But they are so timorous that the passage of a few canoes in these parts at this juncture would infallibly drive them away to other remote places; the villagers, therefore, every year elect one of their number as head man or governor of each "praya," who establishes guards near the bank, and punishes any trespasser with fine or imprisonment. If, notwithstanding all precautions, the animals are scared away, and can find no other suitable sand-bank, they deposit their eggs at random along the muddy shores of the river, and the product of the season is lost. A steamer passing over the spot at this time would ruin the turtle season; but the tranquil waters in which they congregate fortunately lie out of the main track of river navigation. The guards appointed by the head men proceed to their posts about the middle of August, and establish themselves quietly in a sheltered corner of the bank, near the forest that covers the island, erecting a rude observatory on some tall tree, reached by a ladder made of bush ropes. From this they watch the progress made in ovi-depositing, and report to the authorities in the villages.

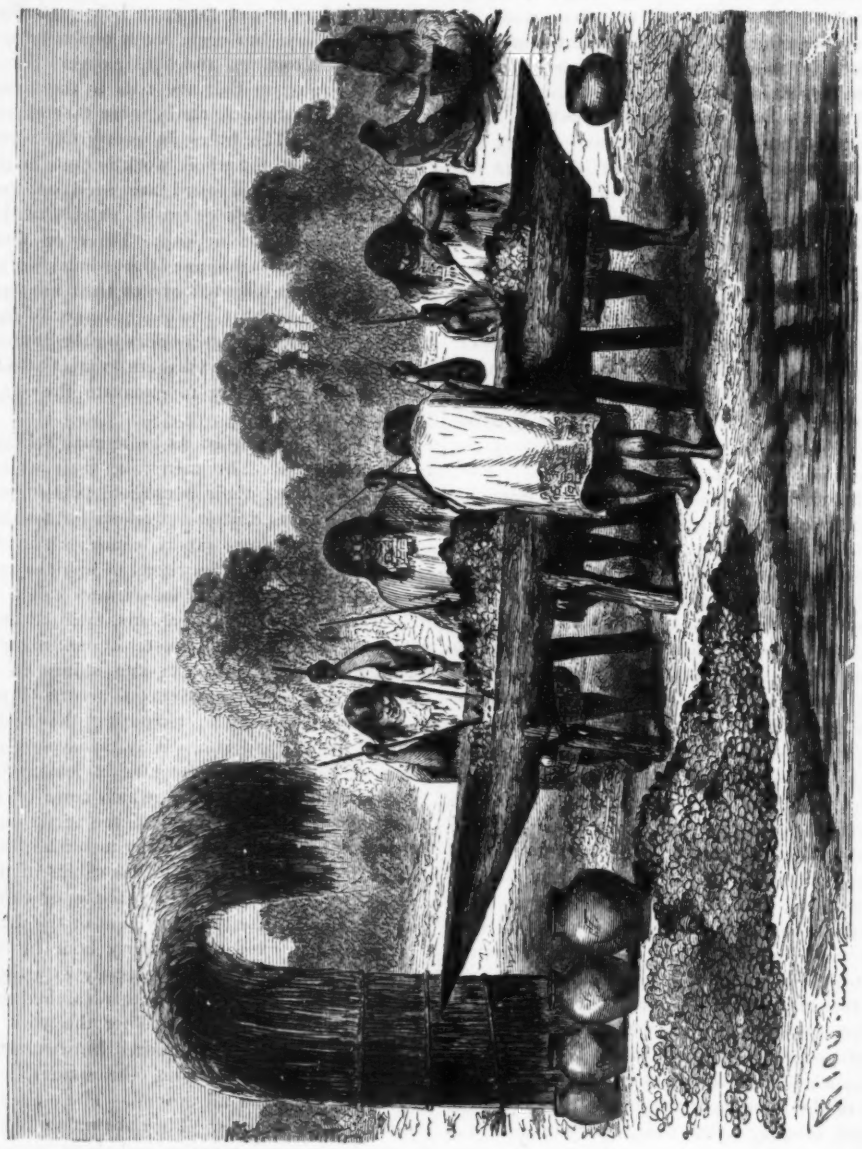
The turtles choose a clear, calm night about the end of September, and, all being favorable, clamber out of the water by countless thousands. The clean white sand swarms with their black coats of mail, a sight best seen at sunrise, when, their task being accomplished, they all hurry back to the water. Crawling for about half a mile, they commence excavating holes in the sand to the depth of three or four feet. The first comer for each hole goes the deepest, and lays her eggs, about one hundred and twenty in number, and lightly covers them over with sand; another succeeds in the same hole, and then another, rarely more than three in each hole. The holes lie pretty close together, and when the whole work is done large patches of disturbed sand are seen on the bank, each of an acre or two in extent, marking the site of the deposit. Three or four nights suffice to complete the whole work. The guards then dispatch one of their number to the village to report, and the governor of the "praya" thereupon posts notices on the church door, appointing all the villagers to meet at the bank on a certain day to excavate the eggs simultaneously.

The event is regarded as an annual holiday by the villagers. The men take their whole families, including their household pets—tame monkeys, parrots, tortoises, and so forth—and embark in the great family canoe, which is sometimes a commodious vessel of eight or ten tons, furnished with two masts, and called a "Cuberta." Families of Indians, civilized and wild, take part in the harvest. It is the midsummer of the year. The sun shines in a cloudless sky, and a gentle, cool breeze blows from morning to night, tempering the fierce heat of the vertical sun. It is the season of plenty, of frolic, love, and courtship, leaving its trace in numerous weddings, which come off in the village between the end of the turtle harvest and Christmas. The young men take their fiddles, flutes, and guitars, and the cabins of the canoes are well stored with *cashaca*, or cane-brandy, to stimulate the enjoyment of the time.

On the day fixed, at an early hour in the morning, all the people being ready with their wooden paddles, to be used as spades, the beating of drums gives the signal for the work to commence, and several hundred brawny arms are soon at work, wielding the spades, and showering the sand all around. The eggs are turned out by myriads. They are rather larger than a hen's, much rounder, and about twice as heavy; the skins are flexible and leathery, but perfectly white. Each family keeps its heap apart. At five in the evening the signal beats for the cessation of the work. It is resumed again in the morning, and continues until the whole sand-bank is thought to be exhausted.

A large "praya," however, is never exhausted of its eggs; this is proved by passing canoes in November, just before the rising of the waters, finding hundreds of young recently hatched turtles crawling down to the water.

The excavation finished, the preparation of the oil commences. The eggs are thrown into an inverted canoe and mashed with wooden prongs. Sometimes this process is not thought quick enough, and naked children jump in and crush the dirty mass with their feet, making a pretty figure of themselves with the yolk be-



INDIANS MASHING TURTLE EGGS.

spattered all over them. The buttery contents are then left for a day or two exposed to the heat of the sun, which brings all the oil to the surface. This is afterward skimmed off by means of ladles made of large clam shells tied to the end of long rods. Meantime fires are lit, and the huge family caldrons slung over them, into which the oil is poured to be purified. This being at length completed, the neat produce is stored in earthen jars, or in hollowed logs of wood, for conveyance to the village.

The whole affair lasts, on a first-class sand-

bank—"praya real," or royal praya—about a fortnight. The place resembles a rude village wake or fair. Lines of tents and encampments, with all the paraphernalia of a household, stretch along the banks of the river for a long distance, and canoes of all descriptions, from the light open skiff of the fisherman to the schooner of the down-river trader, are anchored or moored near the shore. At night the glimmering fires light up the great solitude of river and forest, and laughter and the tinkling of *violas* are heard as accompaniment to the hoarse snort of caymen and other aquatic monsters, or the deep "hough" of the jaguar in the neighboring woods. The poorer classes sell their oil at once to the traders, and many spend the proceeds in jollification before the fortnight is over.

The period of the deposit of turtles' eggs varies according to the season; for the seasons vary in the tropics almost as much as they do in our own uncertain climate. Nominally, the period of lowest water is reached about the end of September; and although there is a spell of rain and rising water in November, the sand-banks are not laid under water again before March. Sometimes, however, the dry season is a failure; frequent rains fall, and the river reaches a low point only in October, to rise again in half flood in November. If the turtles did not choose the highest parts of the highest banks to deposit, they would probably become almost extinct in a few generations, from natural causes. This habit, however, entails the great inconvenience of a long journey from the water to reach the place of their deposit, a journey evidently painful to such heavy aquatic creatures, with clumsy, short, webbed feet. Four hundred miles higher up the river, the dry season falls a full fortnight earlier than in the neighborhood of Ega and Coary, and the turtles deposit their eggs accordingly.

The eggs laid about the end of September are hatched between the middle or end of November, those lying deepest in the holes being of course the latest. Immediately the young turtle, born with its breast and back plates of tolerable solidity, escapes from the egg, it bites its way through the superincumbent sand, and makes its way straight for the water. Many hundreds are devoured before they reach it by vultures and after they are in the water by alligators. Nevertheless, sufficient escape to keep up an enormous population of turtles in these waters. It is calculated, from the number of eggs annually collected for the manufacture of oil, that the progeny of at least 400,000 turtles is destroyed by this means alone.

"GO FORWARD."

"Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward."

Go forward! 't is the Lord's command;
Though thou canst see no way,
Trust the wise guidance of that hand
That never leads astray.

Go forward! in obedience go,
Nor question why nor how;
Let all thy doubts and fears lie low,
In sweet submission bow.

Go forward! 't is Jehovah's voice—
This should sufficient be
To make thee hasten and rejoice,
Since thus he honors thee.

Go forward! hinder not his love
From working good through thee;
He sees and judges far above
What human love can see.

Go forward! though the sea rolls deep
Between thee and the land,
His is the power, and he will keep
Thee safely in his hand.

Go forward! lo, the waves shall part
At thy advancing tread;
And all the faintings of thy heart
Shall turn to joy instead.

THE FLEETING GUEST.

YOUTH dwells in Eden lands, in bowers elysian,
Where cloudless skies in starry splendor shine;
And as Hope paints the future to his vision,
The world is heaven to him and man divine.

The zephyrs in his path strew fragrant roses,
All nature smiles, the earth is wondrous fair,
And a gay bird from morn till twilight closes,
Pours forth its carol on the balmy air.

List while ye may; for siren tones are calling
The beauteous guest away o'er land and stream;
Ah, might he stay, eye, ear, and heart inthralling!
That bird so sweet-voiced is our youthful dream.

Alas, alas, with heavy, drooping pinion
The real comes, the light-winged dream has flown;
We woo in vain, from Fancy's far dominion,
The transient guest, flitting from zone to zone.

Yet why so sad? To other ears he 's singing,
Others entrancing with his siren lay;
To us the years far nobler gifts are bringing,
Than dreams that flit like morning mists away.

Though ne'er again returns that bright ideal,
A better guest remains, a grander song;
The dream has fled, O Soul! the earnest real,
The true, the good are thine thy whole life long!

SHORT CHAPTER ON HANDS.

BEAUTIFUL hands! They have a magic of their own! How prized by those who possess them, how coveted by those who do not! The poets love them, and sound melodious praises to soft, shapely palms and rosy finger-tips. The world—whom we know the poets lead—the world praises them, too, and hence the painstaking among all who would be admired to render and preserve this prominent organ fair to the sight and pleasing to the touch.

We, too, love beautiful hands; we are with the poets there. But here we admit that our taste in this matter is somewhat peculiar, being founded on that old proverb, "Handsome is that handsome does."

Show me a hand that challenges my admiration. Granted, if you will, that it be small, and smooth, and dimpled, its ivory whiteness set off by twinkling gems. Let it understand full well the poetry of motion and the witchery of touch, whether the fingers be dancing airily to their own sweet music on piano or guitar, or waving with dreamy languor their jewel-spangled fan, or holding with masterful grace the reins of a prancing steed; but, before I pronounce it a beautiful hand, let me see it, not in the crowded drawing-room only, or, faultlessly gloved, on the gay promenade.

Let me follow it through all its home ministries, and learn the works in which its fair owner employeth it when the world is not there to see. Is it never bathed in the May-dew at the dawn, clasping instead the airy nothings of dream-land? In the arcana of the toilet does it sometimes lace the silken bodice or the dainty shoe over the marks of negligence and haste? Is it rarely applied in relieving the cares of the burdened house-maids? Do the young brothers and sisters sometimes feel its angry impress upon their tingling cheeks? Does it never rest, laden with benefactions, on the door-latch of the sorrowing poor? Does it know how to point its Pharisaical fore finger at the soiled forehead of an erring sister woman? In a word, with all its marvelous grace and culture, does it pass on from day to day, unthoughtful and unskilled in waking from the harp of life those thousand nameless harmonies that make woman a sacred word, and home the heart's own heaven? If so, then, that hand is a failure. Selfishness is branded in fiery letters upon its vestal surface, deformity lurks beneath its patrician outline.

Let it pass from my sight, and show me rather the uncouth palm of some lowly daughter of the people, toiling day by day in the homely service which love exalteth, for the dear sake of parents, or husband, or children, with now and then a kindly turn for the yet poorer poor, and I will press such a hand reverently as that of one who holdeth queenly rank in the realm of true womanhood. Thus much for my ideal on this point. Is it not also thine?

But there is many a hand sacred and dear to me from some special or personal association, as, for instance, the hands of my few spirit-kin, leal and tried, which I grasp after a long absence; the hand of a child-friend, laid in mine with the faith that belongs alone to life's halcyon morning; or the brave, maimed hand of a soldier of our Republic, his badge of the legion of honor, won in the battle-ranks of freedom, where right contended against gigantic wrong; and O, there is a beauty that floods my eyes with sad and yearning tears when I see a father's hand laid softly on a daughter's shoulder.

But am I wandering? It may be so, for there are by-paths in memory which lure my thoughts full oft into their funereal shades. I will return.

Dear sisters, wherewithal shall we render our hands fair and comely in the high ideal sense? Let us shield them well from the defiling contact of heartless deeds. Let us bathe them each day in the "balm of a thousand flowers" of odorous kind offices. Let them be plentifully adorned with those diamond drops that fall from the eyes of soothed sorrow. Above all, let them often be clasped in contrite prayer to the Infinite. So shall they be dignified with a beauty which age can not shrivel or labor mar.

True, they may not gleam and dazzle like hers who queens it in marble halls, but the Hand that was pierced shall grasp them in a brother's greeting, and count them worthy to gather amaranths in the morning of the resurrection.

THE BROKEN COLUMN.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

NEXT morning the truth of the report regarding the loss of the two young Englishmen was placed beyond doubt by the recovery of their bodies. For several days afterward little else was spoken of but the sad catastrophe, and the impression made by their untimely fate throughout the community seemed at once deep and universal. The despairing grief of young Howard's betrothed was much descanted on, together with the deep sorrow of those who had worked under him at the railway, and by whom he was much

loved and respected. Then the deepest sympathy was expressed for his widowed mother, who, on hearing of her sad bereavement, had come to take a last look and shed tears of unavailing sorrow over the cold remains of her last surviving child. Of his cousin comparatively little was spoken, for his parents were in India, and, as a recent visitor, he was, of course, less known in the place. But doubtless he was equally dear to his own family, and tears as bitter would be drawn forth when the tidings of his fate should reach them in that distant land; and, in token of the regard in which he was held by his shipmates, some of them came from Portsmouth, where his vessel then lay, to pay the last duties to his remains. Poor Howard was carried shoulder-high by his workmen to the grave, in that very cemetery where I had so recently met him for the first and last time, and "great lamentation was made over him." His cousin was buried by his side.

I shall never forget an eloquent and touching sermon by which the pastor of my own Church sought to impress upon his young hearers a solemn lesson drawn from the sad event which had excited so much interest in and cast such a gloom over the community. As a good and faithful man, ever anxious for the spiritual instruction of his hearers, zealous in the discharge of his duty, and unwearied in his efforts to advance the cause of his Heavenly Master, he never allowed an opportunity by which he might hope to impress saving truth to pass unnoticed. He selected for his text those words from Hosea xi, 4—"I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love"—and from them he delivered a discourse which, judging by my own feelings, I am sure must have thrilled the hearts of his audience, particularly the young among it. He spoke of the various means by which our merciful and gracious God, instead of driving us away by terror, seeks to draw us to himself "by bands of love." In illustration of this he dwelt on the blessings of redemption as offered to us in his holy Word through the merits and mediation of Christ the Savior, on the bounties of his providence, giving us all the temporal blessings we enjoy, "rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness," and many other tokens of mercy and loving-kindness too numerous to mention here. "And not only so," he continued, "but even in what we look upon as the sad, often the mysterious events of his providence, does he not evince his love and tender mercy toward us by overruling these as warnings to arrest some in a career of sin and folly, making them pause to consider, and awakening others from spiritual deadness from the dread of similar calamities befalling them, often when they are least prepared?" He then, in the most solemn and touching strain, alluded to the sad catastrophe by which two young and promising men, in the midst of life and usefulness, had in a moment, "in the twinkling of an eye," been summoned from this scene of time and sense, and called to meet their Judge.

After describing the scene and manner of their death, the calm repose of the mirror-like Summer sea, the quiet enjoyment of their pursuit, the probable absence from their minds of any apprehension of danger, the sudden capsizing, by which, in an instant, they had been hurried into eternity, and the deep sensation caused by their fate through the whole of a large community, he added: "To the careless, the dissolute, and profane among my hearers, what an awful lesson does this read! Think not that the fate which befell those young men is unlikely ever to be yours. In the midst of your noisiest mirth, your most unthinking, perhaps unhallowed revelry, in a moment 'the handwriting on the wall may be seen,' and the bolt of vengeance from a justly offended God may descend in any form upon you. Repent, then, without delay, and 'flee to the stronghold as prisoners of hope.' 'Escape for your lives, lest ye be consumed.' Take refuge in the only surety, the peace-speaking blood of the all-atoning sacrifice. To all, whether young or old, careless or serious, this sad catastrophe, dark and mysterious as it now appears, may be fraught with momentous issues. In that awful moment when sudden destruction came upon them no rope was thrown to these hapless strangers, no effort of any kind was made by the instruments of their fate for their delivery. But in the infinite mercy of God their untimely fate, if the deep impression it has doubtless made upon your minds be rightly improved and followed up by true repentance, may prove as 'bands of love,' drawing you upward and onward to himself, and to that eternal inheritance which he hath laid up for all who, by 'patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honor, and immortality.'"

As I said, the impression made by this solemn address was one not likely to be forgotten, and the accessories of its delivery were in themselves sufficiently striking. Toward its close the shades of twilight had begun to gather around the venerable Gothic church where we were assembled, and a breathless silence, broken only by the earnest, pleading voice of the preacher, reigned throughout the

"long-drawn aisles" and among the vast audience in the crowded pews, and in the "dim religious light" stealing in through the stained windows, and amid the shadows of the massive pillars, might be seen many a young head bowed down in sorrow and humility; and doubtless many a tear was shed, and even sobs suppressed, as the venerable white-haired pastor uttered those solemn words of warning and of encouragement.

Scarce one of the young hearers of that discourse is now to be found in the place where it was delivered. Some have died at home, some survive in distant lands, some have fallen in battle or by pestilence, and others have perished in the ocean, and now

> "Their graves are scattered far and wide,
> By desert, shore, and sea,"

but the impression produced by that heart-stirring address the Day alone shall declare.

A few weeks afterward, in the dim twilight of a somber evening in September, I accompanied my nephew, at his request, to the cemetery, where he informed me a monument had been erected by his companions in business as a grateful tribute of respect to the memory of young Howard, and to that of his cousin, who shared his last resting-place. The sear leaves of Autumn rustled under my feet, and the place seemed to wear an aspect of deepest sadness, very different from that which it presented on that memorable Summer evening when I first met Howard as I approached the spot where he now lay buried. It was situated on the slope of the hill, lying southward, and within the precincts of that "consecrated ground" set apart for the members of the Episcopal communion.

So much had other more absorbing interests connected with his sudden removal from this scene of things effaced from my mind all recollection of his remarks on the kind of device he had expressed his preference for on the occasion of our brief meeting, that I had formed no idea regarding the style of his monument; but at once a vivid recollection of his choice returned to it when I beheld "a broken column" actually rising above the place where his remains had been interred. I afterward learned that his betrothed, out of respect to his desire, little anticipating, when it was uttered, how soon she would be called upon to fulfill it, had asked to be allowed to choose this design, urging his request as a reason for hers. It was said, also, that she sent a handsome subscription along with it, but this had been respectfully declined, as they wished to be themselves the sole contributors. A simple inscription was engraved on it, recording the names and ages of the young men, with a notice of the manner of their death, and an intimation that it had been erected to their memory by Howard's grateful, attached, and sorrowing workmen.

And here rest these two youths, cut off in their prime—let us trust in the prospect of a joyful resurrection to life eternal, when Christ our Savior "shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired of all those who believe."

REVIVALS.

TRUE religion consists in union between man and God. It implies the full discharge of human duty, and the free bestowment of the divine blessings. Whatever lessens the intimacy of that union, or interrupts the gift of those blessings, creates a necessity for a revival of true spiritual life in the souls of men. The necessity of revivals comes not from any arbitrariness in our Heavenly Father as to giving or withholding his spiritual favor. He is ever more willing "to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him than we are to give good gifts to our children." On the other hand, the necessity of revivals is found in the proneness of men, however exalted in the divine favor, to relapse into coldness, formality, indifference, and unbelief. Such states of mind and heart grieve the Spirit of God, and bring upon their possessor spiritual barrenness and death. When by repentance and a renewal of faith and love they are put away, and the return of the Holy Spirit's influence has re-awakened spiritual life in the soul a revival has taken place. When we consider the enduring mercy of God and the travail of the Redeemer's soul in behalf of lost men, we can see no reason why the true light should not be continually spreading without ever receding, or why the spiritual power of the Church should not be continually augmenting without ever declining. But when we consider the unfaithfulness of men, the seductions of the world, and the oppositions and temptations of the devil, we see the explanation but not any justification of the fact that the light of even true religion has often been dimmed and intermittent, and has as often needed rekindling by revival influence.

The term revival is relative in its signification. There may be a revival in the experience of an individual or in that of a Church. Revival influences may be experienced in different degrees corresponding to the depth of languor or torpidity from which an individual or a Church is aroused, and also corresponding to

the light of zeal and purity to which they are quickened. In an absolute sense the idea of revival seems limited to those who have previously enjoyed a greater or less degre of divine grace in their hearts; hence to the pious and to Churches, and not to the ungodly and the world. But as the names of causes are sometimes given to their effects, and as a common and legitimate effect of revival in a Church is the awakening and conversion of sinners,* so the term revival has come to be commonly applied to religious awakenings among the ungodly.

But even in this case the term seldom lacks applicability, since few of the ungodly have not at times more or less cherished the strivings of the Spirit. The Old Testament Scriptures record numerous examples which illustrate these principles, extending from patriarchal times down through Jewish history to the days of Malachi. The preaching of Noah before the Flood and of Ezra after the Babylonish captivity are notable instances of active measures for the religious awakening of those who had forgotten God and neglected his worship. Indeed, Jewish history is full of lapses from the Divine favor through hardheartedness and disobedience, and of partial restorations through the means of grace belonging to that dispensation. Several of the monarchs of Israel were made instrumental in restoring to paths of righteousness the feet of an unstable and erring people. The reigns of David, Solomon, Asa, Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah, and Josiah were successively distinguished as witnessing a somewhat general return of the apostate nation from its false ways and enjoying manifestations of the restored favor of God. In periods of disobedience and chastisement we find that the heart of pious Jews was specially drawn forth in prayer for revival influences. Thus the Psalmist exclaims, "Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause thine anger toward us to cease. Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee? Show us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us thy salvation." Ps. lxxxv, 6. "Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts, cause thy face to shine upon us; and we shall be saved." Ps. lxxx, 19. The prayer of Ezra for the Divine favor was mingled with confession. The prophet Habakkuk's prayer for a revival, "O Lord revive thy work," is happily familiar to all Christians, and is often re-echoed by every devout heart.†

Many of the prophecies abound in revival phraseology, and in glorious promises which were to be fulfilled under the Christian dispensation. In fact, Christianity itself may be considered a revival and enlargement of whatever of true religion was embodied in Judaism. The entire ministry of Christ was of the revival type. He preached repentance and promised the forgiveness of sins. He required those who would be his disciples to come out from the world, to deny themselves, and to take up their cross and follow him. Emphatically did he enjoin upon Christians the world-wide extension of his truth, requiring them, as an ever-binding duty, to be "the salt of the earth," the "light of the world," and to let their "light so shine that men may see their good works and glorify their Father which is in heaven." As "children of the light," they were, like the wise virgins, to keep their lamps trimmed and burning, and to seek to "turn men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith in Christ." The promise of "the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost," was also definitely associated with this duty of Christ's disciples. "If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever." John xiv, 15, 16. "It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you. And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." John xvi, 7, 8.

Thus it may be seen that the Divine plan for the extension of true religion contemplated an increase in the efficiency of the successive dispensations, until in Christianity it developed active spiritual agencies in full harmony with what are now called revivals. It was no part of that plan that Christians or Churches should alternate between action and inaction, languishing from time to time in order to be revived again. On the contrary, it was made their duty and their privilege to be "always abounding in the work of the Lord," reaching forth unto those things which are before, and pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

Nothing can be more instructive on this subject, both as to God's will and human duty, than the teachings of the great revival at Jerusalem following the resurrection and ascension of our blessed Savior. The period was one of sorrow and deep gloom. The infant Church now bereaved of its visible head seemed on the verge of discomfiture. Powerless in itself, and surrounded by obstacles innumerable and apparently insurmountable, and yet impelled by

* See Psalm li, 13. † See also Isa. lvii, 15; Hos. vi, 1-3.

the obligations of duty, what could it do? What but to wait upon God in fervent and importunate prayer? The followers of Christ might have been tempted to betake themselves to flight, to hide away from the murderers of their Lord, and to conceal their griefs in mountains or desert places. But no, their ascending Lord had "commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father." Acts i, 4. In fulfilling this command they instituted special religious services, in fact, a protracted meeting. Special and protracted religious services had been common among the Jews, such as the feast of the Passover, the feast of the Pentecost, the feast of Tabernacles, and the feast of Expiation. The idea, therefore, was not new, but in Christianity it received a new application. Those who have only been accustomed to regard the scene of the Pentecost as an integral event without considering the significance of its details, may profit by a brief analysis of the narrative so summarily given in the opening chapters of the Acts of the Apostles.

1. The first form of the special services instituted was that of a prayer-meeting protracted during eight days. It was attended by all the members of the Church, apostles and brethren, men and women. "These [the eleven] all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren." Acts i, 14.

Notwithstanding prayer and supplication constituted the leading exercises of this meeting, yet time was allotted to exhortation and the transaction of Church business. "In those days Peter stood up in the midst of the disciples" and spoke to them of the fulfillment of Scripture, and of the necessity of appointing a witness of the resurrection to take part in the "ministry and apostleship from which Judas by transgression fell, that he might go to his own place." Then followed the appointment of Matthias.

2. Consequent upon the period of waiting was another of special *divine manifestation.* "When the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place, . . . and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

3. The next phase of these services was that of *Christian activity.* They all "began to speak" "as the Spirit gave them utterance." The fact that they spoke with other tongues was incidental to their peculiar circumstances—a miracle of the introduction of Christianity which did not need subsequent repetition.

As a result of their zeal in speaking in various tongues "the wonderful works of God," "the multitude came together" "to hear and inquire" "what meaneth this?"

4. Preaching—a more full and specific declaration of Divine truth—now became the great and principal agency for the double purpose of instructing inquirers and awakening the impenitent. As a result of preaching "they were pricked in their hearts," and said, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Preaching proceeded to teach them the duties of repentance, faith, and baptism, and also to exhort them to instant decision, saying, "Save yourselves from this untoward generation."

5. Consequent upon this series of means glorious results followed. See Acts ii, 41, 42.

In the last verse referred to we have the portraiture of a revived and an enlarged Church. Succeeding verses show that Church in its legitimate form of action and blessed with corresponding and increasing results. See Acts ii, 46, 47.

The record of this initial revival of the apostolic Church was doubtless designed to be instructive to all future ministers and Churches, both as to the mode and spirit of Christian work for the salvation of men. Although not appointed as a rule of all future action, it certainly serves as a general indication of the measures adopted by the apostles in planting and training the Churches of their day. The further record of the Acts shows somewhat different modes of procedure, growing out of the different circumstances of the Gentile communities in which there was no pre-existent Church. In such communities preaching was usually the initial means of awakening, and yet not separated from prayer. The apostles, and Paul in particular as the apostle of the Gentiles, relied upon the constant co-operation and fervent prayer of the Churches from which he had gone forth as a means of preparing his way and of aiding his efforts.* To the Church at Rome he wrote, "Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me." To the Church at Corinth his request was, "Ye also helping together by prayer for us, that for the gift bestowed upon us by the means of many persons, thanks may be given by many on our behalf." The Ephesians he exhorted to pray always for all saints, "and for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the Gospel, for which I am an embassador in bonds: that therein I may speak boldly, as I

* See Romans xv, 30; 2 Corinthians i, 11; Ephesians vi, 19, 20; Colossians iv, 3; 2 Thessalonians iii, 1.

ought to speak." To the Colossians he wrote, "Withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ." To the Thessalonians, "Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified, even as it is with you." By reference to the passages indicated it may be seen that each additional Church planted by the apostles was trained to become an active spiritual agency, not only for the furtherance of the Gospel in its own community, but also in the regions beyond.

The inspired narrative shows in various forms that the apostles did not confine their evangelical efforts to the Sabbath day, or to any particular place or routine of service. In upper rooms, in the temple, by the way-side, in prisons, in synagogues, on ship, by the side of the river, indeed, wherever they had or could make opportunity, they lifted up their voice to call sinners to repentance. On one occasion Paul preached till midnight. At Ephesus his first special effort in the synagogue continued "for the space of three months, disputing and persuading the things concerning the kingdom of God." Finding a change of place expedient he withdrew from the synagogue and commenced "disputing [or discussing religious truth] daily in the school of one Tyrannus. And thus continued by the space of two years." Acts xix, 8, 10.

Not only did the apostles find continuous religious services expedient, but the Churches of their day evidently joined with them cordially from time to time in daily efforts for the salvation of men and their own religious improvement. This is incidentally shown in reference to the Pentecostal revival, in connection with which it is stated that they continued "daily with one accord in the temple, and the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be [were] saved." In Acts xvi, 5, it is recorded, "So were the Churches established in the faith, and increased in number daily." The Bereans "received the Word with all readiness of mind and searched the Scriptures daily."

In the light of these and kindred examples it may be seen that the New Testament Church as a whole, and in its various branches, was not organized for ceremony, but for prayer and work, and that it recognized its work and, with some lamentable exceptions, performed it faithfully, for the glory of God and the salvation of men. Thus it was that with the Divine blessing it prospered and prevailed over the most formidable opposition, and rapidly extended its influence to the chief nations of its day.

Had the Scriptural theory and practice continued in the ascendant, who can tell how soon a pure Christianity might have been established to the very ends of the earth? But, alas, the Church, in its next historical phase, became corrupted at this very point, and sought to extend itself by political rather than spiritual agencies, by an alliance with the State rather than by humble dependence upon God, and, like the backslider in heart, the ancient Church was "filled with its own ways." Happily we live in better times, when the Scriptural idea of revivals has been restored to the Church, and has become a great agency of its prosperity. Let us, however, be warned by the fatal experience of the ancient Church against attempting to improve upon God's plans for promoting the salvation of men.

THE RELIGION OF THE FAMILY.

VII.

THE WIFE.

HOME is the kingdom of the married woman; here she rules in a pre-eminent sense, and as we look upon home as the most beautiful, attractive, and important place on earth, so in assigning to the great majority of women the beautiful and important office of wife and mother, or creator and presverer of home, we are by no means assigning to them an inferior or unimportant place in the economy of our earthly life. Let no woman, then, think it an undignified position when God has placed this department of life and the world in her hands; let her rather understand its true importance, and thankfully accept the duties which are always inseparable from places of high trust. She can not carry this high responsibility without self-denial, sacrifice, and toil. They that would truly reign must be willing to serve. By its very nature the life of a wife and mother is one of entire unselfishness; by its very constitution it is a life of ministry to others; it approaches nearer to that voluntarily accepted life of our divine Savior, who came into the world "not to be ministered unto but to minister," than any other human life, unless it be the consecrated life of the minister of the Gospel. It is not a strange thing, as some think it, that so much should be said and written of the duties of wives, and comparatively so little of that of husbands. In domestic happiness the wife's influence is much greater than that of the husband; in fact, the whole comfort of the household depends on her jurisdiction, and even the husband himself is greatly determined in character by the influence of the wife. It is

an old proverb that "a man is what his wife will let him be," and although not entirely true, the proverb has truth enough in it to show the popular judgment as to the powerful influence of that woman whose life at home is like a prevalent spirit pervading all things in the house. The wife's influence is a subtile, pervasive, and continuous thing; rising up, lying down, going out, or coming in, she is there a constant influence, a beloved presence. To her husband others have to gain access, she has a perpetual audience; she touches all the springs of his life; therefore among all the influences that act upon him none can be compared with that of his wife. A man may be good in spite of a foolish woman, but the chances are greatly against it; a man may be bad notwithstanding the presence of a discreet and excellent woman; but unusual temptation or great depravity will be required to effect such a result. The same pervasive influence reaches the children of the home; to them, too, the mother, not the father, is a constant presence molding their lives. It is no wonder, then, that with regard to all domestic matters the counsels and the exhortations are given to the wife rather than to the husband.

We shall, therefore, follow in the footsteps of many others, and even in this day, be bold enough to enter into some details, and proffer our advice to wives and mothers. It is quite probable we shall have but little that is new to offer, for we confess that our ideal of the true wife was drawn for us several thousand years ago. Though the world has made great progress in many things since the book of Proverbs was written, it has yet made no improvement on the perfect picture of "the virtuous woman" as drawn there. Carefulness, personal attractiveness, kindness, economy, industry—every thing to make home happy, pure, comfortable, and beautiful are here ascribed to the woman whose "price is far above rubies."

The wife has won, and the first duty is to hold the affection of her husband. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." Nothing contributes more to domestic happiness than the possibility of this mutual trust. And remember that this possibility is to be learned after marriage; it is to come as one of the outgrowths of home experience; the wife and the husband must both learn from intercourse with each other, from the daily events and acts of their married life, that they can trust in each other. Many expect every thing from love itself, whereas love is only the genial soil in which the graces and blessings of wedded life are to grow. He that loves is ready to trust, but trust itself is based on experience. Let your husband learn early in your wedded life that you are worthy of his unhesitating trust and confidence. The basis of this is truth; show yourself true in all the duties and relations of your married life; practice no deceptions; depend upon no illusions; be open, candid, frank, confiding; have nothing to conceal. Let your husband soon learn your wisdom and discretion; let him see your devotion and skill in managing your home and his; be careful for your husband's interests; show your disposition to manage well the economies of the household; let him see that you are quite as much concerned for the success and prosperity of the family as he is.

To win this trust of the husband's heart is something more even than to win the affection of the lover; it is love's ripened fruit; it is the wife's seal of faithfulness and her reward. The true wife will make her husband's love grow deeper and deeper as the months go on; the longer he lives with her, the more should he see to admire and love.

There are some most important things for maintaining this attractive influence over the husband that some women after marriage esteem lightly and therefore neglect. Among these is that modesty and delicacy of spirit and manners which is among the greatest charms of girlhood, and which was probably one of the most potent influences in gaining the love of him who is now your husband. Perhaps women are incapable of appreciating fully the power of womanly modesty and delicacy over men, just as men can not fully understand the charm of manliness over the heart of a woman. It is evidently this contrast between the sexes, which we can not better express than by the womanliness of the one and the manliness of the other, which is most powerful in drawing them together. In the true woman man sees something quite different from himself, and yet is drawn to it as something quite necessary to himself; he sees in her qualities which are weakest in him, and which yet are essential to a true humanity. On the other hand, the true woman sees a similar contrast to herself in the true man, and feels drawn to him for those qualities in which her nature is weakest. In her eyes he is a hero; in his she is little less than an angel. This is not mere story or fiction, it is nature. Some strong-minded women smile at it in our day, and are willing themselves, and labor to persuade others, to cast away this womanliness and to ape the characteristics of men. The same women would doubtless look with contempt upon the man who would cast

away his manliness and ape the characteristics of women. There is much sneering just now at all that is said of this modesty, gentleness, and delicacy of womanhood, and a consequent danger of underestimating its value and importance in the married life. But in spite of all sneers, let us say to the young wife, especially, it was by these qualities you won your lover, and without them you can not retain your husband. For a wife he wants a woman; for boon companions, coarse, bold, and dashing, he can seek elsewhere; and let me assure you that if he finds in his wife only a poor imitation of what he found before in his associations with men, the temptation will be very strong to leave the manly woman at home, while he seeks the real men elsewhere. Hold him to yourself by being a woman, a true, refined, delicate woman; that you can be to him; that nobody else in the world can be to him while you are his wife; that he can not find among men; that he can not find among disreputable women; that, in the sense in which you can manifest it to him, he can find in no female society, however excellent or refined. If he finds it in you he is yours beyond the power of all outside attractions; if he does not find it in you he is tempted to seek it elsewhere.

And just here, because we can not say it so delicately and beautifully, we quote from another words to clothe the thought that is in our mind: "To a high-toned man one of the sweetest attractions is that undefined and indescribable grace which floats like a cloud of beauty round a true woman; that maidenly reserve, yet that transparent frankness; that soul purity which lives and shines in every act and word, and yet does not know and never thinks that it is purity; which can never be put on; which is too ethereal for imitation; which once lost can never be regained; which is as far from prudishness as it is from immodesty; which a bad man hates and can not understand; which to a good man makes woman like an angel. This need not be lost in the unveiled freedom of wedded intimacy. The wife does indeed give all to her husband; but in that high and holy abandonment, not one grace that made up the pure beauty of her maiden life need be lost. No right-minded man would wish it otherwise; he sees and feels its sweet power as fully as ever; nay, it has a deeper hold upon him now, and shines with a calmer, steadier radiance; its magnetic influence reaches out, attracting him to her side, and all the more because the soul of whose beauty he is thus ever catching glimpses, is his alone."*

* Aikman.

Among these potent influences over a husband's affections is that of personal attractiveness. Nature has endowed woman with a powerful intuition in this direction, one that is exceedingly liable to become excessive in its action, but one which is in danger of becoming weak and inoperative during married life. Women instinctively love to be beautiful, and have a natural drawing toward those things which will add to their personal appearance and charms. And this is an instinct of nature, wise and good in itself, only to be condemned when it becomes excessive and extravagant. Cleanliness of person and neatness and attractiveness of dress as much belong to a true woman as the softness and delicacy of complexion and modesty of spirit which nature has given to her. And most men, with here and there a coarse exception, feel the power of this personal purity and neatness, and are gratified when they are able to provide the means for securing it to their wives and children. So natural and so strong is the admiration of men for this personal attractiveness in women that they are just as liable to become extravagant in furnishing means for its gratification as women are in indulging it. On extravagance we shall have a word to say hereafter. What we wish to say now is that it is evident that this personal attractiveness is one of the strong links between husband and wife, that it will not be overlooked by the true wife, and that it can be secured without extravagance. Indeed, a part of its charm in the wife is that it is not excessive, that the husband sees at once that her womanly taste and ingenuity has brought it about for his sake, without going beyond his income and ability. There is power in these little things, and a wise woman understands them. She knows that there is a difference in the feeling which a man has in meeting a wife in a slovenly, neglected condition, and in coming home to one whose neatness silently, but most eloquently, tells her husband how much she values his approbation, and how highly she respects his love. And yet there are times and circumstances when the wife must be about other duties than those of personal adornment. A wife can not and need not always be in fine array, and the true rule is for the wife to study and manifest the spirit of order and neatness, and the husband to excuse impossibilities and necessities, while he gladly accepts the tribute which the wife's spirit of neatness pays to his love.

Intimately connected with the personal attractiveness of the wife is the maintenance of moral and mental equality with her husband.

Often this is not an easy problem for the wife to solve. Her life is necessarily a more secluded one than that of the husband, and is ordinarily more filled with cares and anxieties, the thousand little things necessary for preserving the order and well-being of the home demanding almost the constant attention and time of the wife. Nor are these domestic matters of much value in aiding in mental discipline and culture. On the contrary, quite an ordinary, commonplace man, by his daily intercourse with the world, by contact with other men, by conversation, and by the attritions of trade and business, really finds quite a school for mental culture in his every-day life; while the man who is already a scholar, and pursues a professional life, by his very occupation is constantly enlarging in information and culture. Yet these two persons, the active, busy man, constantly sharpening in his wits and enlarging in his knowledge, and the secluded wife, occupied with a thousand little cares that rather tend to mental worriment than mental culture, must keep within speaking distance. We say *must*, for domestic happiness is impossible with the existence of great disparity between husband and wife. And yet the problem is not so difficult of solution if both husband and wife will set themselves about it.

In the first place, nature comes to the help of the wife in this respect. Her nature is the more susceptible, and is more subject to the law of assimilation than that of the husband; the wife grows as he grows, and in comparative development she is generally found side by side with him; she goes up in society as he goes, and is generally found as ready to grace any position in which his success places her as he is himself. This has come about through their mutual intercourse, through their conversation, through their consultations on plans and purposes, through that beautiful and powerful law of assimilation by which persons, and especially persons of opposite sex, grow into likeness of character, and often even of person. The husband that would have his wife a good companion for himself must give enough of himself to her to bring about this assimilation; he must be with her, converse with her, talk of their plans and aims together, treat her as a partner in his life and purposes, and he will find she is growing as fast as himself. If he would have a genial companion in his wife, he must, as far as possible, secure to her the time and means for mental culture; he must raise from her, as much as possible, the burden of care and toil; he must bring into the house books, papers, pictures, and many other things that both make the home more beautiful and all who live in it more cultured.

But the wife, too, must see the importance of this equality with her husband, and must determine to attain it and maintain it. She must insist upon devoting a part of her time to this direct end, mental improvement. A wife needs not be a blue-stocking; they are not usually the wives in whom men are very happy; literature is a calling; it is all right for women who have the call to pursue it, but it is no more every wife's duty to be a litterateur than it is for every husband to pursue a learned profession. But what every true wife ought to aim at is to have her mind fairly cultivated, abreast with the knowledge of the day, and active enough to meet responsively the approaches of another active and intelligent mind. It is astonishing how much reading, not merely of novels and fiction, full of nonsense and emptiness, but good, useful, solid reading, can be accomplished by a very busy housewife and a faithful mother with many little ones around her. Have a good book always at hand, and you will be surprised to find how many opportunities present themselves in spare moments to read it, and will be still more surprised to find at the end of a year how much you have read, and what mental strength and elasticity you have acquired. And in this day the wife finds a great friend and helper in the daily paper, and in the really valuable periodicals into which so much knowledge is condensed into a small space. Those were beautiful and true words of Madame de Maintenon to the Princess of Savoy on the eve of her marriage: "Neglect not to make your mind a fit companion for him whose companion you are to be through life. Personal charms may please for a moment, but the more lasting beauties of an improved understanding can never tire. We are soon weary of looking at a picture; though executed in a masterly style, and she who has only beauty to recommend her has but little chance of meeting a lover who will not grow indifferent to a mere portrait, particularly when its colors are faded by the subduing hand of time. Then it is that modesty and sweetness of temper are particularly observed, and the loss of beauty will not be regretted by the man it first made your captive."

It is impossible to meet the responsibilities of wifehood without industry and economy. The true wife "looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." If it is the husband's duty to provide for his household, it is as much the wife's duty to use his resources with economy and prudence. If she is under no obligation to econo-

mize at home, he is under no obligation to be diligent abroad. If she may be wasteful and extravagant in the family, he may be idle and reckless in business. Nor is mere economy and prudence the measure of a wife's duty here. The true wife can not be an idle woman. God made both men and women to work; and this is not a curse for sin, but is a duty devolved upon them while they were yet in the innocence of Eden. Well would it be for many sickly, nervous, fretful wives, if they had something to do, and were under the necessity of doing it. We have a serious fault in American society in this respect. How strange it is that in this land where the highest honor is placed on labor, and he is the true man who raises himself and builds his own fortune, labor on the part of women should be considered degrading, and especially that kind of labor which is peculiarly in the province of women, the care of the home! Even where the mother, born before these new notions became prevalent, and true to the traditions of her youth, condescends to labor occasionally, the daughters are frequently brought up in perfect idleness, take no bodily exercise except that of walking in fine weather, or riding in cushioned carriages. Domestic industry is too much out of fashion among modern wives—too much for real domestic happiness and comfort, too much for health of mind and body. Those who can afford servants can not bemean themselves, as they think, by domestic labors. The result is, too frequently, that ladies of this class lose what little health they started life with, becoming feeble in just about the same proportion as they become fashionable.

In this neglect of household cares American ladies stand alone. A German lady, no matter how elevated her rank, never forgets that domestic labors conduce to the health of mind and body alike. An English lady, whatever may be her position in society, does not neglect the affairs of her household, and even though she has a housekeeper, devotes a portion of her time to this, which she considers her imperative wifely duty. The queen herself is one of the most careful housewives and industrious women of her realm. A contrary course to this results in that lassitude and ennui of mind, and languor of body which is fatal to domestic cheerfulness and happiness; the wife either withers away in ill health, or rushes into all sorts of fashionable follies to find employment for her mind. Home employment, too, is the most effectual antidote to those besetting sins of backbiting, enviousness, and gossiping. Yet, wherever it is practicable, the husband will find it greatly to his interest and happiness, not to allow these household cares to multiply upon his wife until they become a drudgery, and she that should be his companion becomes merely his housekeeper. Give her timely help and relief; lift the burden the moment you see it bearing too heavily on mind or body; just as soon as your means will admit of it—and that will be long before you have accumulated what you would call your fortune—let her office and work be that of superintendent of home, as yours is that of superintendent of your business. You will be paid for all this in what is better than money, roseate health, cheerful spirits, a happy and lovable wife.

We must insist on the old-fashioned claim, that it is the wife's duty to be good-natured at home. It may be exceedingly difficult to maintain this at all times, but it is essential; the absence of it is fatal to the peace and happiness of the family; it is the vital breath of the household. To achieve it rests mainly on the wife, because the home is peculiarly hers. So Solomon describes an ideal wife: "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." No trait of character is more valuable in a wife than this: it is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn out by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a sweet disposition! It is as sunshine shining on his heart. He is happy and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the mind of the whole family. When it is found in the wife and mother, you find kindness and love predominating over the natural feelings of all in the house. Smiles, kind words and looks characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling in that home. Few women are aware of the powerful influence of their words of gentleness, kindness, and encouragement over men. In many points these great, strong men are weaker than you; they have less patience, less endurance than you; they are more easily discouraged than you. Your smile and approbation, your gentle words and encouragement come to them like an inspiration. When your husband goes forth to the toils of the day, your smile and blessing are a far better stimulant than any bar-room or saloon can furnish him; and when he returns from the cares of the world, let him find repose and affection at home, and in its genial sunshine he will forget the storm without. Above all, a wife should be exceedingly careful in ministering blame and complaints with regard to his business, and murmurings that he is not more

successful. Most likely he is doing the very best he can; man's ambition to succeed is intense enough without any goading from his wife. His failures, his want of success, his embarrassments, his limited circumstances are stinging enough to him, and should never receive upbraidings from his wife.

But we must conclude this article with a glance at the wife in her relation of mother. Here she stands pre-eminent in her power to impress her own character, whether good or evil, on her children, and through them on society at large. Nor is this all; these little ones, like living links, connect her with the distant future, and through them, as through electric wires fastened to her heart and it the living battery, she may send her influence like a living stream far into the future. How powerful, then, is the influence of the mother! How deep, how early, how enduring her impressions on the youthful mind! What nobler or more important province of activity could possibly fall to the lot of human beings? Shame, shame on those women who, in their mad seeking after meaner things, would cast from them this sublime office and work! It is the mother's power not only to bless the little ones at her feet, so that they arise and call her blessed, but the future men and women, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers of the world, first nestle in her bosom, and play around her feet, while she in every look, in every utterance, in every lesson, molds their character, and daguerreotypes upon them impressions which will last forever. This is not fancy, nor is it exaggeration. The mother re-lives in the heart and life of her children. Cowper lost his mother in early life, when yet a little feeble inmate of the nursery, and yet that mother's image, her voice, her kindness, her lessons, were enstamped on his soul. Long years passed by, and Cowper grew to be a man; in the full strength of his genius and manhood, hear his address to his spirit-mother. The whole of it is one of the most beautiful productions in the English language; we can quote only that part of it which bears on the point before us:

"Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more;
Children not thine have trod the nursery floor;
And where the gardener, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'T is now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced—
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheek bestowed
By thine own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall.
. . . . . .
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so till my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee, as my numbers may."

Nor is it only these memories that live in the growing heart of childhood. Pious lessons, elements of truth, principles of religion and morality, are all like seeds sown in a fertile soil, which must and will germinate and grow in the future. The devout Richard Cecil thus records his experience: "Nothing used to impress upon my mind so strongly the reality and excellence of religion as my mother's counsels and prayers. Frequently she retired with her children to a private room, and, after she had read the Bible with us and given us some good instruction and advice, she kneeled down with us and offered a prayer, which, for apparent earnestness and fervor, I have seldom known equaled. These seasons were always pleasant to us, and sometimes we looked forward to them with impatience. My mother seemed to me then almost an angel, her language, her manner, the very expression of her countenance indicating great nearness to the throne of grace. I could not have shown levity at such times; it would have been impossible. I felt then it was a great blessing to have a praying mother, and I have felt it much more sensibly since. Those prayers and counsels time will never efface from my memory. They form, as it were, a part of my very constitution."

Here, then, is a vast sphere of usefulness and activity for the Christian wife and mother, and, though the husband and father is to be her helpmeet here, and may not transfer his parental responsibility and duty to the wife, but should ever co-operate with her in this momentous work, yet her position here is supreme, and it is pre-eminently her work to train her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

CHRISTIAN love bindeth us to pray for the remission of our sins, so for the remission of the sins of others; also for those who by infirmity are at any time overtaken with sin. And prayers of this kind made by the faithful shall be heard, that we may be excited the more to desire the prayers of one another, and the more ready in love to put in practice this duty.

BEWARE OF MOLE-HILLS.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. MONTFORT was the first to recover herself sufficiently to explain. Seating herself upon a sofa, she drew her friend down beside her, and, still holding her hand in her own, she turned to the two wondering ladies, saying, half apologetically, "I do not wonder at your astonishment. I thought I was about to meet an entire stranger. Judge, then, of my feelings at seeing before me a dear friend of other days, for whom I have mourned as among the dead. In order to understand something of the nature of my feelings toward her I must refer briefly to my early life. I was an only child, with no brother or sister to love. My parents lived a very retired life, and I had but few companions. Only one was selected from among these whom I truly loved from the days of childhood to the present time. We were brought up side by side, sharing the same pleasures, engaged in the same studies and pursuits. As we grew older the attachment deepened, and in heart, thought, and feeling we were sisters indeed. A short time before my marriage this dear friend went with her parents to Europe on a visit to some relatives whom she had never seen. In a short time we learned that the vessel in which the family had taken passage was lost. To me this was a heavy blow, and O, how often have I mourned in secret for the dear friend of my youthful days! From the sad day upon which we received the tidings of the vessel's loss I have heard nothing concerning those who were numbered among her passengers. And now, after a separation of nearly four years, we have met again in this strange and unexpected manner." And she turned to look once more upon the friend beside her, who wept in the fullness of her joy.

"I, too, have my story to tell," said she. "Let me be brief, for the recital revives many painful memories. The vessel in which we sailed was wrecked, as reported, and my dear parents were among the lost. I, with a few other survivors, was picked up by a sailing vessel bound for another port, and we were consequently carried far from the point for which we had started. Upon learning of the fate of my parents and my orphaned condition I fell into a fever from which I did not recover for many months. The captain and his wife were kind-hearted, Christian people, and cared well for me, seeking not only to minister to my physical needs, but to raise my sad and drooping spirits, looking trustfully to the all-wise Father for comfort and protection. After long delay, I at last reached my relations in England, with whom I remained until a short time ago, when I was recalled to my native city upon business relating to the property left by my father. I should have said before, however, that upon reaching England my first care was to write to this dear friend. Receiving no reply, I wrote repeatedly; but, not knowing of her marriage and change of name, together with her removal from the city where we had dwelt together so many happy years, my letters failed to reach her. How happy I am to meet her once again words can not express."

Time passed so rapidly that the duskiness of twilight found the reunited friends still talking in Mrs. Mitchell's parlor. Rising at last to go, Mrs. Montfort found there was still so much to say she was reluctant to leave. Before she did so she exacted a promise from her friend that several weeks should be spent with her before she left the city, to which a ready assent was given, and Mrs. Montfort returned home rejoicing in the prospect of a visit from the friend she had loved in childhood's days, and accordingly, before a week had passed, Ella Wynne became her guest.

Ella Wynne was one of those pleasant, lively, industrious little mortals with whom it is such a pleasure to meet, flitting here and there, diffusing sunshine and happiness wherever she went. Sweet-tempered and unselfish, she was always ready to sympathize with her friends in joy or sorrow, and to aid any who were in trouble to find their way out into the blessed sunlight again if possible. She seemed a sort of gleaner in the great field of every-day life, ever finding something among the sheaves which to other eyes looked barren and useless. She was not really beautiful, in fact appeared quite plain in comparison with the brilliant Julia Montfort, but when one knew her well no thought of outward appearance presented itself, for her winning sweetness found its way to a place in the hearts of all.

Mr. Montfort welcomed her cordially to his home, and his mother at once took the motherless girl to her heart, saying she could not help loving her after an hour's acquaintance. Julia exerted herself to an unusual degree to make every thing pleasant for her friend. Several days passed away, and each greatly enjoyed the society of the other—old memories were revived, and the days of their early friendship thus lived over again. Ella could not but notice that Julia talked much more of the past than of the present, seeming really to avoid conversing upon that portion of her life following

her marriage, and she could not fail to perceive that somewhere within that home, which appeared so fair and beautiful, "a skeleton lay hidden away."

Being naturally a very close observer of human nature, she soon noticed the estrangement existing between Mr. and Mrs. Montfort, and felt sincerely grieved and troubled. Her kind heart yearned to do something which would dissipate the clouds, and bring peace and joy into the hearts that should ever be as one in purpose and feeling. She could not fail to notice also the change in her friend's personal appearance when at home. In her girlish days she had been very particular and even fastidious in this matter, but now she had grown negligent and careless, seeming to think it too much trouble to dress except for company. She frequently appeared at the breakfast table with uncombed hair, a mere brushing in front answering the purpose; and at one time during a rainy week, when visitors were not expected, Ella was quite surprised and pained at the negligence exhibited in this respect.

To Ella's request that she would sing for her, she only replied that music had long since lost its charms for her, and she was sadly out of practice. One evening, when company was present, the conversation took quite a literary turn, and various authors and their works were freely discussed. Ella noticed that Mrs. Montfort took no part in the discussion, answering evasively when called upon once or twice for an opinion. She saw, too, that a look of displeasure appeared upon her husband's face, and she felt that he bitterly regretted his wife's inability to carry on a conversation upon any topic reaching beyond the narrow limits in which she felt at home. A few days after this occurrence Ella entered Mrs. Montfort's room early one morning, and seating herself upon a low stool beside the easy chair in which the lady sat, in her pleasant, winning way exclaimed, "Dear Julia, forgive me if I appear rude and inquisitive, but I do want to ask a question."

"Well, dear, what is it?" she asked, turning a look of inquiry upon Ella's eager face.

"I want to ask if you are happy," was the unexpected reply.

A faint flush appeared upon Mrs. Montfort's cheeks as she quietly answered, in a low tone, "Happy, Ella, why do you ask? Do you fancy I am less so than others?"

"To be candid, Julia, I answer yes."

"In what way, Ella? do you trace it to any cause?"

"Yes, Julia dear, it seems to me your married life is not as happy as you anticipated; pardon me, dear friend, and rest assured I do not ask from motives of idle curiosity. True interest in you and your welfare alone prompts the inquiry, for you know we are sisters. And now tell me truly, is there not an estrangement existing between your husband and yourself?"

For a moment Mrs. Montfort was silent, then, without raising her eyes, answered, in a trembling, half-reluctant manner, "I will not attempt to deceive you, Ella, nor will I evade a direct answer to a plain question. My husband and I have indeed become in a measure estranged from each other."

"And you are both unhappy, in truth, miserable, and yet too proud to acknowledge it even to yourselves; am I not right?"

"I can only answer for one," said Mrs. Montfort.

"And I think I can answer for the other. I am sure your husband is a very unhappy man, rendered daily more so by the wife who should be a comfort and a joy to him."

"Ella Wynne!" cried Mrs. Montfort starting up, while the hot flush of anger rose to her brow.

"Dear Julia, forgive me; I do not wish to wound you, nor to censure unjustly; O, believe me, I only want to do you good," and the pleading eyes looked up through tears to the stern face before her.

Mrs. Montfort was touched by the expression of loving-kindness and desire to help which beamed from the countenance of the girl beside her. She sank back into her chair again, exclaiming, sadly, "Say what you will, you can not make me more miserable than I am."

Ella took her hand caressingly in her own, saying, softly, "Dear friend, I could not but see that you were unhappy, and have partially divined the cause; and now must I stand idly by and see the distance between yourself and Mr. Montfort becoming greater and more clearly defined every day, and not make an effort at least to stay the coming evil?"

"No, Ella, no, you were always my best friend; do what you can for me now."

"And you will not be angry if I drag forward your own faults and shortcomings for inspection and perhaps correction?"

"No, I 'll try not. If I am most to blame in this matter do not hesitate to tell me, but I doubt it. Now for the probing knife, my dear; use it freely; show me wherein I err so terribly," and the lady tried to smile, but almost sobbed instead.

"From what I have seen for myself," continued Ella, "I am inclined to think that this estrangement is not the result of any serious quarrel, but has been caused rather by what we

may truly call trifles—little differences of opinion too freely expressed, a disposition on the part of each to contest rather than to yield a point, and too little regard for the feelings of each other. Am I not right?"

"Yes, I must confess that you have judged correctly. I really can not tell just when or how the trouble began. I only know there were, as you say, little disputes over trifles, at least they appear but trifles now, though at the time we did not look upon them as such. He was too exacting, too resolute, and I proud and self-willed. It was my disposition, Ella. He should have borne with me more patiently, for I could not help it."

"But at the same time you, on your part, did not make any such allowance for the peculiarities of your husband's disposition, did you?" asked Ella.

"No, I never paused to think of that. How blind!"

"Then it occurs to me that you, too, were exacting; that is one point wherein you were wrong, you see, and he was probably just as much so."

"But, Ella, you have no idea how much I have had to bear; and you know I have never, from a child, been accustomed to having my wishes thwarted, or my will questioned."

"But had you no confidence in your husband? could you not persuade your will to give up something of former preference for his sake? and could you not believe he would not willingly give you pain?"

"But you do not know all; he is so imperious, so stern at times."

"And you so sarcastic, so cutting."

Again the flush of anger rose to Mrs. Montfort's brow, but with an effort she said, "Your knife probes deeply now; that is one of my failings, I confess; but, Ella, there is some excuse for me even in that. The coldness and studied neglect with which my husband has treated me of late has drawn forth all the worst traits of my character."

"And yet, Julia, he never fails to show you the attention and politeness of a gentleman, and you certainly know that cutting remarks by no means proclaim the lady," said Ella.

"It is that empty show of attention and politeness which annoys me beyond the power of self-control. I too often give vent to my vexations, while he, on the contrary, takes refuge in that stern, cold manner which chills me to the heart. You have no idea how unapproachable he is when intrenched behind that frigid thing which you term politeness."

"You do not understand me, Julia. I do not refer particularly to the coldness of his manner. You probably understand that better than myself; but have you ever made an effort to overcome it?"

"I dare not; I could not if I would."

"Let me help you, Julia dear; I think I can show you a way which, if I am any judge of the human heart, will not fail, if persevered in, to bring about a favorable change."

"It is too late now. I have become an object of indifference to him; it is useless to try to fan the ashes of an expiring love into new life again;" the trembling voice and tearful eyes gave evidence of the hidden sufferings of her heart.

"Too late, Julia?" echoed Ella. "No, it is never too late to try to do right. Do your part at least. Have you lost your own affection for him?"

"O, Ella, Ella, can you who profess to know something of these poor human hearts of ours ask me such a question? Do I love him? O, I have tried not to love him! I have even forced my lips to say I do not love him, while deep within my poor hungry heart I cried in agony, O, my husband, love me—love me!" and the proud Julia Montfort bowed her head and wept bitterly.

Ella Wynne's tears flowed freely too as she murmured, "Thank God for that!"

"For what?" cried Mrs. Montfort raising her head, "for the misery of loving, but not being loved in return? No, no, I would I might quench the feeling forever!"

"O, Julia! Julia! you know not what you are saying; be calm, be persuaded; listen to me;" but the fountains of the woman's heart were broken up at last, pride had succumbed before the power of love and repentant regrets, and she wept on apparently forgetful of her friend's presence. Ella waited in silence till her grief subsided, then spoke gently and soothingly of a hopeful future.

"O, Ella!" exclaimed the tearful woman, "you do not know—you can not comprehend my misery. My husband has become indifferent, his mother has no feeling for me save that of positive dislike, I am sure, and my poor baby sleeps in his little grave far away; even his love was denied me. No one cares for me; I have lived a selfish, aimless life, and do not merit kindness or consideration from any one on earth."

"No, Julia, matters are not in so deplorable a condition as that, you"—

"Listen, Ella, I am not the Julia you knew and loved years ago. I am changed—O, how sadly changed! heart, mind, and daily life have all been perverted—in truth, my life of late has

been of twofold character; I have not even tried to live up to my own convictions of right and wrong. I may as well be honest; I have grown so weary, Ella, of dissembling. To the world and my family I have seemed but a gay woman, with no thought of any thing save self and personal gratification. I have even sought to persuade my own heart that it had no need of affection, but how useless it has been! I have reaped only misery and regret. I have made so many false steps; indeed, almost my whole married life has been made up of bitter disappointments; but it is too late to change matters now," and a weary sigh followed the words.

"I can not agree with you there, Julia dear; do n't doom yourself to a life-long misery while you have power to avert it. At least let us make the attempt; do, dear, let me help you."

"But how? I never can humble myself to him," and the eyes flashed again with the old fire, and the proud spirit again showed signs of rebellion.

"I do not ask you to do so, Julia. I only want you to cease acting a part, and be once again your former self, as in the days before these difficulties came."

"I should not now know how to go back to the old path, Ella; besides, I can not do it alone. He was kind and gentle then, but now so cold and forbidding, I can not venture to take even a step toward being to him all that I was once."

"One burden at a time, Julia dear," said Ella smiling; "do n't attempt to take them all up just now; do n't try to carry more than your own at present; do your part, step by step if need be; go forward as love and duty clear the way before you, pointing out your path moment by moment, day by day, and believe me it will not be long before your husband will be found entering into the work with you. Only try, Julia, only try."

"But where can I begin? what can I do?" asked the wife in a bewildered tone.

"Pardon me if I touch upon personal matters again, Julia. You know you have promised not to be angry. Do you know how very negligent and careless you have become in regard to your own appearance at home?"

"Pshaw! that 's but a trifle, Ella; what does it signify?" said Mrs. Montfort carelessly.

"A great deal, dear friend; more, perhaps, than we are always aware of. No husband who has any idea of culture and refinement, likes to see his wife look as—well, say just as you did this morning, for instance, at breakfast; just as you probably will at dinner, provided no one calls previously; be careful now," she added playfully, putting one little hand over Julia's mouth, "remember your promise."

"I am not angry, Ella, though I confess I would not allow such freedom of speech from any but your own good little self. In regard to the matter you speak of, it seems like a very small affair to me."

"Let us begin with the small things, then, and, my word for it, we shall not have many great ones to master."

"Well, then, I 'll try to remedy that evil; and yet my friends agree in saying I dress well; what more can I want?"

"Yes, you dress well for others, Julia; but it would be still better to have some regard for your husband's approval also. Why not try to look well in his eyes at home?"

"He would not even notice it."

"Did he not notice it before this estrangement? Did he not even give you reason to believe he approved of your taste in dress before your marriage as well as after?"

"O yes, often; he was very observing then."

"Believe me, he is no less so now. And now, passing from the subject of dress, let me advise you to take more interest in the things which pertain to his comfort. Do n't leave every thing for Jane to do. She keeps his library in such disorder, and seldom puts things where they are likely to be found when wanted, and is not very respectful in her manner when spoken to in regard to it. Only this morning I overheard her declare that it was n't a man's place to interfere in household arrangements. She would receive it more kindly from her mistress. One other little matter and I am done for the present. Your music, so long neglected, why not resume it? is not Mr. Montfort very fond of it? did you not sing for him in the days of courtship?" added she archly.

"Yes, he enjoyed it then; but that was long ago."

"Not so very long, after all—scarcely three years."

"But I have no heart to play or sing now; I have lost my interest in all these things."

"Try it, at any rate, Julia; begin with this great object in view, regaining your husband's love, and be assured the old pleasure will be restored fourfold. As for intellectual improvement, there 's always room for that. We should never cease to advance in this respect; we must endeavor to keep up with the times, and I believe it to be a wife's duty to study to be his equal in intellect. She can be if she will; and there are few who can not find time enough to pay some little attention to the matter, and by

so doing not only reap pleasure and profit themselves, but are able to entertain and benefit others."

"I believe you are right, Ella, and begin to share your enthusiasm upon the subject; but how is it that you have learned all this? Really you talk like a person of age and experience, while in truth you are not as far advanced in years as myself."

Ella smiled as she answered, "I have been thrown among so many different classes of people that I suppose I have learned something from all. The habit of contrasting one with another, and studying the peculiarities of each, has also been a prolific source of amusement and profit. And the desire to see every body enjoy all the happiness which can be derived from the great blessings which a kind Father has showered upon us, has often actuated me to speak freely, as I have done upon this occasion."

Ella Wynne's words made a deep impression upon Julia Montfort. She resolved to give up the listless, aimless life she had been leading, and though it did cost an effort, devote herself more truly to the interests of the one whom she had promised to love till death should sever the tie which bound them. She resolved, too, to read, and study, and practice, and by all means strive to become a companion and helpmeet of whom he should yet be proud.

At dinner she appeared in a pretty, neatly fitting dress, with her hair charmingly arranged, and her face wearing something of the girlish half-timid look of other days. Mr. Montfort looked around the little circle, and several times glanced from his wife to the door, as if in expectation of seeing visitors enter. Ella noticed it, so too did his wife, and a blush passed over her face, as with a feeling of shame she thought of the habit in which she had indulged, of coming to dinner just as she had to breakfast, except when company was present.

The next morning, to the great surprise of both Mr. Montfort and his mother, Julia came down in a tasty wrapper, looking as neat, fresh, and pretty as the most fastidious could desire. Ella cast a glance at Mr. Montfort's face, and was delighted to see the pleased smile which hovered about his lips, robbing them of their cold, repelling expression. Several days passed in this way; sometimes the wife felt discouraged and even tempted to fall back into the old way again, but Ella urged her to persevere, assuring her that she was making progress.

One morning as she came out of the library, where she had busied herself for nearly an hour in arranging her husband's books and papers in the way she knew he liked to have them, she met him at the door, a look of surprise and perplexity upon his face. With a faint exclamation, she sprang past him and hurried to her room; where her excited feelings found vent in a flood of happy tears. He looked after the retreating figure a moment, then entered the room. Looking around, he discovered upon all sides signs of her presence; a new beauty beamed from the tastefully arranged pictures and ornaments, while the neatness and order of the furniture and books plainly told whose heart and hand had sought to please. He was both pleased and amazed, yet uncertain how to meet this new phase of character in his wife. They met at dinner, and each seemed silent and embarrassed, the conversation being carried on chiefly by the elder Mrs. Montfort and Ella Wynne, the former of whom had thought of returning before this to her own home, but the new kindness and even daughterly warmth of manner displayed toward her of late by Julia had induced her to prolong her visit. Several hours of each day were devoted now to music and the perusal of useful, instructive literature. In these pursuits Ella was both teacher and companion, instructing, helping, and encouraging. Of this Mr. Montfort was as yet ignorant. One evening, upon coming home rather earlier than usual, the sound of the piano fell upon his ear as he entered the hall. Thinking Ella was entertaining herself in that way, he passed quietly into the parlor, with the intention of listening unobserved to the music. Upon entering, however, he discovered, to his surprise, that the performer was not Ella, but Julia. Taking a seat in a darkened part of the room, he sat in silence as she sang song after song, all unconscious of his presence. At last she began a sweet, touching little ballad which she used to sing for him in the days of "Auld Lang Syne." Quietly he arose, and, passing through the room which divided them, stood behind her, joining in the chorus. The full, rich bass blended harmoniously with the clear soprano, touching a chord in the heart of the player which had long remained silent. Her own voice trembled as the sweet notes rose and fell, but she sang on to the end, scarcely knowing how she had power to go on under the excitement of the moment.

As the last note died away a strong arm was thrown around her, and a voice that she loved murmured brokenly, "Julia, my wife!"

"Dear husband," she answered, through tears, "let us forget the past; say that you forgive it all."

"Let the forgiveness be mutual, dear wife.

We have both erred, I more than you, for I should have been more patient and yielding, less exacting and more gentle. I will yet atone for all past wrongs if you but forgive and forget."

"Let it be mutual," she echoed; and O, how precious to them was the hour they spent in rehearsing the efforts each had made to regain the other's love!

"I have longed hour after hour, day after day, for a time like this," said he.

"And I have been miserable in thinking I had at last become an object of indifference to you," was her reply.

"And the whole trouble originated in trifles—little mole-hills which we, in our ignorance and blindness, construed into mountains of huge dimensions."

"How seldom one pauses to look at these little troubles in the right light until taught the lesson by some bitter experience!"

Ella Wynne came singing through the hall just then, and, thinking Julia was alone, she came in. Seeing and understanding at a glance the turn affairs had taken, she was about to withdraw hastily, but Julia called her to return.

"Here, my dear Ella, you behold the result of your teachings. Come, you have richly earned a share in our new-found happiness," and, drawing her friend to a seat beside her, she proceeded to recount how she had been instrumental in bringing about this reconciliation.

Ella's face was covered with blushes which Julia's warm praises called up, and she sought to retreat from the field, now that victory and peace had been proclaimed.

"No, Ella," said Mr. Montfort, "we can not let you go yet. We thank God for having sent you to us, and we will keep you as long as possible."

That evening was one of the happiest of their lives. All the joys and pleasures each had loved in the olden times were resumed, and three glad voices joined in anthems of praise and thanksgiving as they separated that night. Old Mrs. Montfort rejoiced in secret over the happiness of her beloved son, and many times that evening the spectacles needed to be taken from her tear-dimmed eyes in order that their glasses might receive a fresh polish from the cambric handkerchief in her lap.

The Winter had passed away, and the bright beauties of Spring were bursting once again into new life, before Ella Wynne was permitted to return to her home, and only then upon a promise being given of oft-repeated visits in future. Mrs. Montfort the elder was at last persuaded to take up her abode permanently beneath their roof, and the presence of the dear old lady added much to the happiness of the little home-circle.

And now there were no more longings, no more tears shed in secret over the sight of the once-coveted happiness enjoyed by the family across the street. She can look into that brightly lighted parlor now, witnessing the husband's tenderness toward the wife with a smile, as she whispers, "I, too, have just such a wealth of love, and hope, and joy in my own home now."

One piece of advice she loves to impart to all her young friends; nor is it confined to them alone, for many who have long trudged onward over life's changeful way have made the path very rugged for themselves and others for want of just such a piece of salutary advice as Mrs. Montfort is able to give: Beware of mole-hills. Level them carefully, lest they rise into mountains you shall never be able to climb.

RECOMPENSE.

O SOUL! surveying life through sullen sense
Of loneliness, or bitterness, or need
Of any kind, lift but your languid lids
From longing eyes that have not ceased to plead,

And lo! the sympathy of sunny skies,
Or the serenity of star-eyed night,
Steals to the heart in still significance;
Peace conquers pain, however long life's fight.

Rebuking your recluse, rebellious heart,
These messengers in their mute eloquence
Reveal the truth, that tireless time contains
For every ready one a recompense.

Somewhere, somehow, deeper than Nature's smile—
Which in itself should be enough to bless—
An eager, earnest, sympathetic soul
Will find, unsought, requiting happiness.

In the progress assured by lofty aims,
In the content attending kindly deeds,
In the result of every noble act,
Or great or small, fitting its special needs.

Blinded, we grope beside the great highway,
Where waiting work would strengthen weary hands;
Falt'ring, our feet forget to forward press,
Where duty beckons with divine commands.

Haughty, we hold ourselves above all help;
Humble, we sink beneath whatever soars;
Afar from each the affection that would bless;
Remote the resignation that restores.

Sleepers, awake! See to it that before
God's final fiat changes here for hence,
Ye gain, in serving him, some holy hint
If not of happiness, yet recompense.

The Children's Repository.

TRUE AND FALSE PITY.

FLORA did not wish to come down to tea with the family, and some anxious inquiries were made by her father after her.

"She is n't sick," said honest little Lotty. "She 's been a crying."

"A crying," said mother with some concern. "What 's the matter with the child?"

"I do n't know," said Lot; "but she 's a reading a story-book and crying dreadful."

Mother looked annoyed as she said, "It 's some of the nonsense Cousin Caroline has loaned her. It must be the last of it. Run up, Lotty dear, and tell her papa and mother wish her to come down to tea."

Flora felt a little ashamed of her red eyes, but all were so kind and pleasant, and no remarks were made about her appearance, so she made out a very good supper. It takes quite heavy troubles, real or imaginary, to take away a healthy child's appetite.

After supper Tom managed to draw from her the cause of her tears, and found out it was the tribulations of an imaginary heroine, whose sensible aunt would not permit her to run off with a beautiful young man, with great black eyes, and very pale, sad-looking face.

"O well, sis, I would n't cry," said sympathizing Tom. "She 'll come out all right in the end. She 'll have him, and settle down as happy as can be in such a sweet little cottage as Juno Jack's."

Flora gave a resentful glance at the mischievous Tom. As if her heroine could ever come down to live in such an old slab shanty as their poor colored washerwoman! She took the suggestion almost as a personal injury, and felt quite ready to cry again.

"Why, that 's always the style, Flory. Do n't nine-tenths of them end with love in a cottage?"

"But not such a cottage as that," said Flora. "That 's only a hut."

"I would turn over to the last chapter and see how they all come out, so as to have it off your mind, and then let it be the last of this kind of reading, Flora," said her mother. "I can not have you wasting your time and sympathies over such nonsense when the world is so full of real sorrows and troubles; you should learn to pity, and, as far as you can, to relieve."

Flora felt that her mother was almost unkind, but she was a peculiar mother in one respect—she was accustomed to be obeyed by her children.

Only mother and the children were gathered about the evening lamp, as business had called father out for a few hours. Aunt Maggie allowed herself to be importuned for a story, and at length consented. She settled herself very comfortably in the low rocking-chair, with her never-failing knitting work, and from her slightly pathetic tone the children surmised that her story might be rather sad and touching.

"It was twenty years ago, perhaps, that Mrs. Ardine moved into her pretty new cottage. It was furnished completely, and much of the furniture was new. A bright, new cooking-stove stood in the pleasant kitchen, and all its bright, new furniture was ranged in an orderly manner in the little 'store closet' just beside the chimney. All were pronounced as handy and convenient as could be, but as the mistress became familiar with the different pieces nothing pleased her so well as one bright little saucepan. It was lined with the whitest enamel, and the outside was durable block-tin. It was 'a jewel of a saucepan,' she often said, and in process of time it came to be called 'the Little Jewel.' It was an odd name, I know, to be applied to a cooking utensil, but then Mrs. Ardine was a very domestic woman, and had warm attachments for every thing about her. I do n't believe she had a nameless hen on her farm. For a long time Little Jewel maintained her place as her mistress's favorite. If a little dish of stewed fruit was needed there was Jewel always bright and ready to oblige. Many a delicious boiled custard and blanc-mange did she send up to the family table; for many a jar of delicious preserves were they indebted to this trusty servant. So tenderly was she cared for she was seldom intrusted to the care of a domestic.

"But one sad day Mrs. Ardine was absent, and the heedless girl in charge of the kitchen allowed the apples she was cooking to burn black in the pan. She was gossiping over the fence with an idle companion, and there was poor Jewel seething, and crackling, and charring over the red-hot stove. She would have got away if she could, but there was no help for her. Blacker and blacker grew the smoke that

went up from her spoiled fruit. Never had she sent to the table such a dish. It was no fault of Jewel's, but she thought little of that as the intense heat cracked and blackened her beautiful enamel. Would the careless girl never come? She did come at last, to find the white kitchen filled with smoke and the odor of burnt fruit, which was creeping and winding its way into every crevice and corner of the house. In her fright and haste she rushed for the pump with poor Jewel and plunged her into a bucket of cold water. This completed the mischief. If Jewel had possessed a heart to break it would have broken then. As it was, her beauty was all gone. Only an old blackened surface was left, full of cracks and spots. How sure poor Jewel felt of her mistress's pity and sympathy when she returned! She was sorry enough when she looked at her little pet, and chided sharply the careless domestic. But Jewel noticed at once her changed manner from that very evening. Instead of being placed in her accustomed niche on the top shelf, she was carelessly set away among the kettles. It would not have been so hard if it had been Bridget's work, but it was her mistress's own hand that placed her there. From that time on, every one looked coldly upon her. She was no more praised and petted. A new favorite, as near like her as possible, was brought home and placed on the shelf above her head. There seemed to be no remembrance of her past services. She sank to the lowest offices. Instead of dainty fruits and desserts she was condemned to boil onions.

"'The old black thing is just fit for that,' she heard her mistress say one day. 'We will keep it for the purpose. I do n't like to cook them in a saucepan we use for any thing else.'

"Poor Jewel! no wonder she sunk to the very floor at these heartless words.

"But one Winter's day cook let the onions boil dry, and poor Jewel was again brought to a white heat. A second plunge into a cold bath, then a sharp click like a shot, and there was a seam in poor Jewel's side which brought to a close all her usefulness.

"'Good for nothing,' was the verdict. 'Set it in the wood-house for the present,' and the poor thing was cast aside with as little ceremony as a billet of wood. The wood-house was only a low shed, with one side exposed to the weather. It was a cold Winter's night. The long icicles from the wood-shed eaves glittered in the moonlight, and the snow was piled all about it. There lay poor Jewel, as the night wore on, exposed to the bitter blasts. Never before had she been out from under cover at night-fall. Now she was homeless and a castaway. Never again would they take her back to the sunny kitchen, nor the bright, warm fireside. All her faithful offices were forgotten. Neither master nor mistress, whom she had served so well, cared for her now. The bitter, biting cold grew more intense. It was midnight, and the driving snow began to fall, beating against her helpless form. Would nobody take her in? The clock tolled one, and the snow half buried poor Jewel in its icy folds." Auntie paused a moment and little Dotty sobbed out,

"Why did n't they take her in?" A tear was glistening in Flora's blue eye, and even Tom looked unusually sober.

"Because, my dear," said auntie in a cheerful tone, "she was only a burnt-up cracked old saucepan, and was n't of any use to any body any more."

The children drew a long breath and looked rather curiously at each other. Somehow they felt rather caught, they hardly knew why.

"It is always best, dear, to reserve our pity and sympathy until we are sure the object is worthy of it. There is nothing more absurd than to cry over the sorrows of a saucepan, unless it is the imaginary sorrows of some imaginary heroine of some improbable story. The world is so full of real misery that we can not afford to waste our pity on undeserving objects. I have often noticed, too, that those who seem the most pitiful over these imaginary woes, grow most hard-hearted toward real sufferers."

Flora was a sensible girl and easily understood the moral of her aunt's story. Indeed, the saucepan story passed into a sort of proverb in the household, and taught the children a very useful lesson.

It is well to sift the story carefully of idle beggars who come with pitiful tales to our doors. And we shall oftener go right than wrong if we utterly refuse to aid them, where they are strong and able-bodied, or where there are any traces of tobacco or strong drink about them. So, too, when they commence to play the part of Mr. Flatterwell. The humble poor who trust in God for daily bread are rarely sent forth to beg it from door to door. David said he had never seen it in his life-time.

IN reply to a young friend leaving a town because some things in it were not exactly to her taste, an old lady of experience said: "My dear, when you have found a place where every body and every thing are always pleasant, let me know, and I 'll live there too."

THE YOUNG CONQUEROR.

"BLESSED is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." Frank Lane, kneeling by his garret window, read these words slowly in the fading light. They were the last words he could see, and when he had read them he closed his book, and raised his eyes to the sky where the stars were coming out one by one. He raised his heart, too, beyond the stars, to the God who made them; then lying down on his little bed he fell asleep, murmuring, "To them that love him."

Frank was an orphan boy, taken from the parish work-house to help rich farmer Lee through harvest time. Farmer Lee had told him that if he did well he should leave the work-house entirely and live with him. To-morrow would be the last day of the harvest, and he had not heard a word from Mr. Lee regarding his further stay. He could hardly bear the thought of going back to the work-house. Most of the boys who had been there with him as little children had long ago been taken away by different persons, but Frank was so small and so delicate that none of the robust farmers wanted him. He had a willing heart, however, and had worked faithfully through the long, hot days, much to Mr. Lee's satisfaction.

Morning came and the laborers went to the field, Frank with them. Though he felt very anxious to know Mr. Lee's intentions respecting him he dared not ask, and he received no hint. He worked on industriously all the morning, and above all the anxious thoughts in his heart rose the words he had read the night before. They came again and again, and once when Henry Lee spoke to him he was just beginning to say, "Blessed"—Henry laughed loudly. "I 'm blessed if I know what you are mumbling about," he said, and walked away.

The day passed by, and at length the farmers heard the welcome call to supper. Frank went with them. He had had no opportunity of speaking to Mr. Lee, though they had worked in the same field. He did not know that the farmer had watched him closely, and was pleased with him. Tired and hungry, he entered the porch. He had just washed his hands, when he heard Mrs. Lee saying, "Henry, I wish you would bring me a pail of water." After a moment she spoke again, but Henry did not come, though he heard her distinctly. He was standing in the porch, shaking the blossoms from a clematis vine: Frank went into the kitchen and said, "Let me go to the well, Mrs. Lee." Then taking the pail he went quickly away. Just then Mr. Lee came into the room. "What do you think of Frank Lane?" said he.

"I wish you would keep him, father," answered his wife. "He has saved me a great many steps since he has been here, bringing water and wood. He is neat. He wipes his feet before coming into the house. He is respectful, too. I wish Henry's manners were as good as his are. Then he is a Christian boy. Perhaps if he lives here he may do Henry good."

"Well," said Mr. Lee, "I do n't think much of preaching unless it goes with working, but I think his does. If he can do Henry any good I shall be glad, for the boy needs it enough. He grows more unruly every day. I will tell Frank."

At this moment Frank entered with the water, and Mr. Lee told him they had decided to keep him. His hearty "Thank you; you are very good," pleased both the farmer and his wife, and displeased Henry, who had heard all that his parents had said. "Unruly, am I," he muttered. "Any how I will not be taught by a pauper; he shall wish himself back in the work-house before he has been here long."

As the weeks went by Frank did not exactly wish himself back in the work-house, but he sometimes thought he should be happier in another family. Henry seemed to be improving outwardly, and Mr. and Mrs. Lee, attributing his improvement to Frank's influence, were very kind to the orphan boy. Out of his parents' sight, however, Henry teased Frank unmercifully, and made his work as hard as he could. He often threw sticks and weeds upon the newly swept walks; he often overturned the water pail that Frank had filled; and once he placed a stick of wood in his way when the poor boy was carrying two heavy pails of water, causing him to trip and throw the water all over the clean kitchen floor, and over his own clothes. Mrs. Lee reproved him sharply, but Frank did not complain, though he knew who had put the stick in his way. Many a time his aching limbs at night bore witness to the weary tasks he had performed during the day—tasks which had been made weary by his persecutor. But he was always patient and gentle. Somehow the verse about enduring temptation was always coming into his mind. He did not know what a tower of strength it was to him, nor how he was growing every day into the likeness of "them that love him."

Summer had come again, and it was the busiest part of the haying season. One evening Frank went to his room, tired and sad. Henry

had managed that day to bring reproof upon him from both Mr. and Mrs. Lee, and had ridiculed him to the farm hands till his tears flowed fast. The struggle had been very hard, and now the poor boy looked forward to a peaceful hour. As he entered his room he saw that some one had been there. His clothes had been torn down from their hooks. His pitcher had been overturned, and the water from it had flowed in a long stream across the floor. His bed was disarranged, and on turning down the covers he found some prickly burs beneath them. But all this he thought was nothing when he went to the table and saw what had been done there. Every thing on it was overturned; some of the leaves of his prettiest book were torn out, and his Bible was gone. He stood perfectly still for a moment; then angry words rushed to his lips. "He is a mean, wicked boy!" he cried, "how can he treat me so? I will go to Mrs. Lee directly and tell her." He turned toward the door. "It will grieve her so," he said, "and then Henry will be punished, and he will never love me. O, it is very hard!" Then a moment after, "Is this the way I endure temptation?" he said. Tears came into his eyes, and throwing himself on his knees, he prayed that he might be patient. Henry, standing outside the door to know how Frank would bear the new trial, heard his earnest prayers, and when his own name was mentioned with love, he turned away ashamed. "I did not believe he would take it so," he said. He half resolved to go and speak to Frank; then thinking, "May be he will tell of me after all," he went down stairs with the word of kindness unuttered.

It was nearly noon the next day, and all the farm hands were gathered together watching the operations of a new mowing-machine. Henry and Frank stood near each other. Henry had not spoken to Frank that day. He was trying to find courage to tell him that he was sorry for teasing him. Frank had been very quiet all day. His heart seemed filled with peace. The horses walked rapidly along, and the grass fell as the sharp, glittering scythes passed through it. All at once there was a cry of alarm. Little two-years-old Susie Lee stood just in the path of the machine. How she had come there no one knew. A few more steps of the horses would reach her. She did not know the danger, but stood smiling to see the long grass fall in such straight rows. Frank and one of the farm hands rushed forward. Frank was the quickest. He caught the child and threw her beyond the reach of the machine. The man caught her in his arms. There was no time for Frank to run. The man on the machine had neither heard the cry nor seen the child. All the voices shouted to him to stop, and he checked his horses; but the cruel knives had passed over Frank, and he lay like a red, dying rose on the grass. They crowded round him. He had been terribly injured and had fainted. One of the men brought some water and sprinkled it on his face; another ran for a physician. He need not have done so; no earthly help could hold the life that was flowing away in that red stream. In a few moments Frank opened his eyes. Henry rushed forward and threw himself beside the dying boy. "Forgive me, forgive me!" he cried. Frank smiled sweetly. "Dear Henry," he said, "I forgave you long ago." Then his eyes closed, and murmuring "to them that love him," he passed away to receive the crown of life.

That night, when the body of the dead boy lay ready for burial, Henry told his parents all. Bitter were his regrets, unavailing his tears. No, not unavailing; for in that hour were sown the seeds of a love that, years after, was to bring him also a crown.

BEWARE OF THE WOLF.

You never need fear, little children, to meet
A wolf in the garden, the wood, or the street;
Red Ridinghood's story is only a fable,
I 'll give its moral as well as I 'm able:
Bad Temper 's the wolf which we meet every-where—
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a boy, neither gentle nor wise,
If you tell him a fault he gives saucy replies;
If kept from his way, in a fury he flies—
Ah! Passion 's the wolf with the very large eyes;
'T is ready to snap, and to trample and tear—
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a girl always trying to learn
About things with which she should have no concern;
Such mean Curiosity really appears
To me like the wolf with the very large ears;
All pricked up to listen, each secret to share—
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

And Greediness that 's like the wolf in the wood
With the very large mouth, ever prowling for food,
That eats so much more than for health can be good;
That would clear a whole pastry-cook's shop if it could;
That never a dainty to others will spare—
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

Passion, Curiosity, and Greediness, each thus appears
As a wolf with fierce eyes, a large mouth, or big ears;
They bring to our nurseries fighting and fears,
They cause bitter quarreling, trouble, and tears.
O, chase them and cudgel them back to their lair—
Beware of the wolf! little children, beware!

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Gatherings of the Month.

THE SILENCE OF GOD.—The *silence of God*—what is it? Look at his commands and threatenings, and at what he is doing, and you will see. His voice was heard on Sinai, saying, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." But is it not true that men daily blaspheme that worthy name by the which ye are called? that there are many of whom it may be said, "He clothed himself with cursing like as with his garment?" And while this stream of blasphemy is flowing from human lips, does it not seem as if God took no notice of it—as if he had forgotten his threatening, and neither cared nor knew what men are doing? To use his own words, "Thou hatest instruction and castest my words behind thee: when thou sawest a thief, thou consentedst with him, and hast been partaker of adulterers: thou givest thy mouth to evil, and thy tongue frameth deceit; thou sittest and speakest against thy brother; thou slanderest thine own mother's son—these things [besides many others forbidden in the Scriptures] thou hast done, *and I kept silence.*" How striking the thought! How wonderful Jehovah's forbearance! Men have denied his existence, defied him to execute judgment, and iniquity in every conceivable form has been perpetrated for ages, yet the silence remains unbroken. For nearly eighteen centuries there has been no visible manifestation of God's presence—no utterance of his voice as in Eden—on Sinai—in the desert—or on Judea's plains. But is God forgetful, or careless, or indifferent, respecting the treatment of his laws and the veracity of his statements? Nay, verily.

The silence will be broken. "Our God *shall come*, and shall not keep silence." He will yet "cause his glorious voice to be heard, and shall show the lighting down of his arm, with the indignation of his anger, and with the flame of a devouring fire, with scattering, and tempest, and hailstones." His voice will be heard calling his people to himself, and commanding his foes to destruction. His law will be vindicated, his veracity proved, his honor maintained. "Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest" as the two she-bears destroyed the forty-two children who mocked Elisha, so he "tear *you* in pieces, and there be none to deliver." The Lion of the tribe of Judah will arise from his lair. He "shall roar out of Zion, and utter his voice from Jerusalem: and the heavens and the earth shall shake: but the Lord will be the hope of his people, and the strength of the children of Israel." The silence of centuries will be terribly broken when the heavens shall be lighted up with the glory of God, and the despised Nazarene ascends the throne of universal empire. His voice will sound through the ages, and penetrate the deepest grave, and as the ransomed millions put on immortality, and give the royal salutation, "O King live forever," the hosts of hell will realize that God has broken earth's silence, and the import of these two sentences of the fiftieth Psalm will be fully understood by saint and sinner.

INFIDELS.—Before infidels can prevent men from thinking as they ever have done of Christ, they must blot out the gentle words with which, in the presence of austere hypocrisy, the Savior welcomed that timid guilt that could only express its silent love in an agony of tears; they must blot out the words addressed to the dying penitent who, softened by the majestic patience of the mighty Sufferer, detected at last the Monarch under the veil of sorrow, and cast an imploring glance to be "remembered by him when he came into his kingdom;" they must blot out the scene in which the demoniacs—or the maniacs, if the infidel will, for it does not help him—sat listening at his feet, and "in their right mind;" they must blot out the remembrance of the tears which he shed at the grave of Lazarus, not surely for him whom he was about to raise, but in pure sympathy with the sorrows of humanity, for the myriad myriads of desolate mourners who could not, with Mary, fly to him and say, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my mother—brother—sister—had not died!" they must blot out the record of those miracles which charm us not only as the proofs of his mission and guarantees of the truth of his doctrine, but as they illustrate the benevolence of his character and are types of the spiritual cures his Gospel can yet perform; they must blot out the scenes of the sepulcher, where love and veneration lingered and saw what was never seen before, but shall henceforth be seen to the end of time—the tomb itself irradiated with angelic forms, and bright with the presence of Him who "brought life and immortality to light;" they must blot out the scene where deep and grateful Love wept so passionately and found him unbidden at her side—type of ten thousand times ten thousand who have "sought the grave to weep there," and found joy and consola-

tion in him "whom, though unseen, they loved;" they must blot out the discourses in which he took leave of his disciples, the majestic accents of which have filled so many departing souls with patience and with triumph; they must blot out the yet sublimer words in which he declared himself "the Resurrection and the Life"—words which have led so many millions more to breathe out their spirits with child-like trust, and to believe, as the gate of death closed behind them, they would see Him who is invested with the "key of the invisible world," "who opens and no man shuts, and shuts and no man opens," letting in through the portal which leads to immortality the radiance of the skies—they must blot out, they must destroy these and a thousand other such things before they can prevent him from having the pre-eminence who loved, because he loved us, to call himself the "Son of Man," though angels called him the "Son of God."—*Henry Rogers.*

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.—The cross of Christ is the sweetest burden that ever I bore; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or as sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my desired haven.

Those who by faith see the invisible God and the fair city, make no account of present losses and crosses.

Truly it is a glorious thing to follow the Lamb; it is the highway to glory; but when you see him in his own country at home you will think you never saw him before.

I find that when the saints are under trial and well humbled, little sins raise great cries in the conscience; but in prosperity conscience is a pope that gives dispensations and great latitude to our hearts. The cross is, therefore, as needful as the crown will be glorious.—*Rutherford's Letters.*

ARE YOU THERE, MOTHER?—A mother, busy with her household cares, was obliged to go into an upper room and leave two little ones alone for some time. So she gave them books and toys to amuse them, which answered very well for a time. But, by and by, the house seemed to grow so still and lonesome they began to feel afraid. So the eldest went to the foot of the staircase, and, calling with a timid voice, said: "Mamma, are you there?" "Yes, darling," said the mother cheerfully. "All right," said the little one, more to herself than to her mother. So she went back to her plays for a time. After a while the question was repeated, with the same answer and the same result. O, how often in our loneliness and sadness here in the world, we forget that God still is overhead! But if we only send up our prayers to him, we shall not fail to get a comforting and quieting answer. Are you ever afraid, dear children? Learn this little verse to say over in such an hour, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee." You need not fear in the darkest night or the wildest storm, for God is still overhead. Sometimes he sends the storms just to make us turn to him. It is a good wind, you know, that blows the ship into the safe harbor. So, every thing that makes us call upon God and draw near to him is a blessing. "As one whom his mother comforteth," so the Lord will comfort those sorrowing ones who flee to his bosom for rest.—*Presbyterian.*

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.—Every man has his faults, his failings, his peculiarities. Every one of us finds himself crossed by such failings of others from hour to hour; and if we were to resent them all, or even notice all, life would be intolerable. If for every outburst of hasty temper, and for every rudeness that wounds us in our daily path, we were to demand an apology, require an explanation, or resent it by retaliation, daily intercourse would be impossible. The very science of social life consists in that gliding tact which avoids contact with the sharp angularities of character, which does not seek to adjust or cure them all, but covers them as if it did not see. So a Christian spirit throws a cloak over these things. It knows when it is wise not to see. That microscopic distinctness in which all faults appear to captious men who are forever blaming, dissenting, complaining—disappears in the large, calm gaze of love. And O, it is this spirit which our Christian society lacks, and which we shall never get till each one begins with his own heart.

TIMID PEOPLE.—It is the habit of some people to laugh at the terror which is experienced by others at the heavy thunder-crash, or the flashing lightning. This is both cruel and wicked, since the victim is no more to blame for it than for the color of his eyes and hair—in fact, like them, it is often hereditary. Such persons should be pitied and soothed, and allowed during these periods to be always near some one whom they love and confide in. More especially is this true of children, some of whom suffer more than words can tell from this, as well as from other causes of fear. Deal gently with such; it is the only way to eradicate their fears; ridicule and harshness will only confirm them. The child "afraid of the dark," should never be enforced to encounter it unattended and unwatched. Idiocy has often been the sad result of a contrary treatment. Let parents and teachers, then, be thoughtful in these regards.

LITTLE CROSSES.—Christ comes to us morning by morning to present to us for the day that is opening divers little crosses, thwartings of our own will, interferences with our own plans, disappointments of our own little pleasures. Do we kiss them and take them up and follow in his rear, like Simon the Cyrenian? Or do we toss them from us scornfully, because they are so little, and wait for some great affliction to approve our patience and resignation to his will. Ah, how much might we accommodate to the small matters of religion generally those words of the Lord, "Take heed that ye despise not these little ones!" Despise not thy little sins; they have ruined many a soul. Despise not little duties; they have been to many a saved man an excellent discipline of humility. Despise not little temptations; rightly met, they have often nerved the character for some fiery trial.—*Dr. Goulburn.*

Contemporary Literature.

THE CHRISTIAN PASTORATE: *Its Character, Responsibilities, and Duties. By Daniel P. Kidder, D. D., Author of "A Treatise on Homiletics," etc.* 12mo. *Pp.* 569. *Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.*

We are always glad when we lay our hands on a book written by one of our own men that may become a text-book in our colleges and biblical institutes, or take its place among the books to be studied by those entering our ministry. In our own experience as a teacher we have met with not a little trouble and perplexity in the necessity enforced upon us to use in various branches text-books written by men who occupy in moral and mental philosophy, in theology, and in the practical working of the ministry, positions wholly different from ours; and we have seen, too, considerable perplexity created in the minds of candidates for our ministry, by the study of books in course prepared by men wholly unacquainted with our doctrines and usages. We think it is full time now that our learned men should be able to give to our schools and to our course of study all the books we need, and we hope soon to see the time when some books, now used, perhaps, from necessity, will be eliminated from our course of study, and their places supplied by text-books written from our stand-point in philosophy, theology, and the pastoral work. Dr. Kidder has been doing a good work in the department of the practical working of our ministry. Many excellent books on Homiletics and the Christian pastorate have been given to the world, but they were not written by "itinerants," and failed in many points of adaptation to the wants of an itinerant ministry. Dr. Kidder has grown up in our midst; has had experience in nearly all the departments of our itinerant ministry, and writes understandingly, and in profound sympathy with the Methodist itinerant. His books ought to be welcomed and studied by every one of our ministers. But they have a broader range than this, and will equally commend themselves to earnest ministers of all denominations. service. Most departments of labor and business promptly and gratefully accept this ordinance of the Government, and most of the people see at once the wisdom and beneficence of this arrangement. It is only those questionable kinds of business that are every day an infraction of law and good order, that feel oppressed by this ordinance; rum-shops, beer-saloons, beer-gardens, tobacco-shops, theaters, concerts, etc., rise up in indignation against the law that would suspend their operations on the Sabbath. Exist We find in it an excellent chapter on the minister in his domestic relations and on the pastor's wife, to which we propose to treat our readers in our next number. The book, we are sure, will at once become a standard among us, and take its place in the course of study for candidates for our ministry.

THE PARABLES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, *Practically Unfolded. By Rt. Rev. Wm. Bacon Stevens, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania.* 8vo. *Pp.* 382. *Cloth*, $3. *Morocco*, $5. *Sold only by Subscription. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co. Cincinnati: E. Hannaford & Co.*

A very precious book is this to have a place in the family; beautiful in all its mechanical appointments, elegantly illustrated, it is in this respect an educator and refiner of the household. But in its subject-matter it still far exceeds the beauty of the setting. The gems of our Savior's lessons—his parables—are the ground-work of the book, and practical expositions of them by a devout, evangelical, and scholarly minister make up the body of the work. The expositions are practical and popular; there is a deep spiritual meaning in each one of these similitudes, and this the author has successfully endeavored to develop with clearness and fidelity. The style is very clear and chaste, and the spirit of the writer is broad and charitable.

REINDEER, DOGS, AND SNOW-SHOES: *A Journal of Siberian Travel and Explorations Made in the Years* 1865, 1866, *and* 1867. *By Richard J. Bush, Late of the Russo-American Telegraph Expedition.* 8vo. *Pp.* 529. *New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

This is a very interesting book about an almost unknown region and people. The author accompanied the expedition engaged in surveying the route for the Russo-American Telegraph four years ago, and endeavors here to convey an idea of what he saw, heard, and endured during the three years of his sojourn in those cold, desolate, and undescribed regions, large portions of which had never before been visited by white men. He has described his scenes in a readable, comprehensible, and entertaining manner. The illustrations, which are many, may be relied on for accuracy, having been mostly taken on the spot by the author himself.

THE HISTORY OF ROME, BY TITUS LIVIUS. *Literally Translated, with Notes and Illustrations. By D. Spillan, A. M., M. D. Vol. I. Books I–XX. Vol. II. Books XXI–XXX.* 12mo. *Pp.* 747, 742. *New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

Scholars and general readers will both welcome this excellent and complete translation of the noble old Roman historian, Titus Livy. Most scholars have tried to read him in the original, and most have succeeded in mastering a few books, but we presume it has been pretty generally left to professors and

translators to work their way entirely through. Yet no better or more entertaining historian ever wrote than Livy, and the non-reading has not been from lack of interest in the writer, but of time and patience in the reader. Well here it is, the whole thirty books complete, except the ten lost ones, the outline only of whose contents is given. The translation is, we judge, the best now extant, adhering as closely as possible to the original text, yet clothed in the neatness and perspicuity required by the English reader.

HEAT. *By Jacob Abbott, Author of "The Franconia Stories," etc.* 12mo. *Pp.* 306. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

This is the first of a series of books of "Science for the Young." Mr. Abbott is a very competent hand to prepare them, and the Harpers knew just how to issue them. The design and character of the series are thus stated: "Though it has been prepared with special reference to the young, and is written to a considerable extent in a narrative form, it is not mainly to amuse the readers with the interest of incident and adventure, nor even to entertain them with accounts of curious or wonderful phenomena, but to give to those who, though perhaps still young, have attained, in respect to their powers of observation and reflection, to a certain degree of development, some substantial and thorough instruction in respect to the fundamental principles of the sciences treated of in the several volumes."

THE MUTINEERS OF THE BOUNTY, *and their Descendants in Pitcairn and Norfolk Islands. By Lady Belcher.* 12mo. *Pp.* 377. *New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

About forty years ago a little volume was published with this title, written by Sir John Barrow, and numbered in Harper's "Family Library." The work was favorably received, but was quite deficient in facts. Accidental circumstances have furnished the author, who is step-daughter to Captain Heywood, with more extended materials, and she is thus able to give in this volume a more connected and impartial narrative. It is a narrative of thrilling interest.

THE PARENTS' GUIDE; *or, Human Development through Inherited Tendencies. By Mrs. Hester Pendleton. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. I Vol.* 12mo. $1.50. *New York: S. R. Wells. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*

What America needs above every thing else to give a steady and substantial growth to her institutions is, *good mothers*, and it is the purpose of this book to furnish such information, and to give such counsel as shall contribute to an improved *motherhood*. Written in a terse, clear style, yet refined and almost delicate in the treatment of the difficult phases of the subject, it commends itself at once to the reader, and can not fail to be productive of lasting benefit. Written by an American lady of much experience and observation, it is especially adapted to American women, while American men, whose interest in the affairs of home life is scarcely inferior, will find its attentive perusal a profitable employment. No more valuable work has been published for years in this particular field.

PINK AND WHITE TYRANNY. *By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.* 16mo. *Pp.* 331. *Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

Mrs. Stowe needs no introduction to the reading world; her books are patiently waited for and then eagerly devoured. She very curtly prefaces this volume in the following style: "This story is not a novel, as the world understands the word; and we tell you so beforehand, lest you be in ill humor by not finding what you expected. . . This is a little common-place history about one man and one woman, living straight along in one little prosaic town in New England. It is, moreover, a story with a moral," and the author takes care to make the moral plain enough before she finishes the book. Novel or no novel, we are sure the reader will not be disappointed nor in ill humor with the author.

THE AMERICAN CARDINAL. *A Novel.* 12mo. *Pp.* 315.

PAPERS FOR HOME READING. *By Rev. John Hall, D. D.* 12mo. *Pp.* 365.

MAX KROMER; *A Story of the Siege of Strasburg. By the Author of "Alone in London," etc.* 16mo. *Pp.* 184. *New York: Dodd & Mead. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.*

These are three excellent books. The first comes to us without a name, but its authorship is well known. It is a vigorous exposition of some of the workings of Catholicism in this country. The "Papers for Home Reading" will be a blessing to the house in which they are read. The papers are on popular topics, and are fresh in their style. "Max Kromer" is a story of thrilling interest.

THE FARM ON THE MOUNTAIN. *By Rev. F. Arnold.* 16mo. *Pp.* 347.

THE TWO LITTLE BRUCES. *By the Author of "Hungering and Thirsting."* 16mo. *Pp.* 282.

THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW, *and Singed by the Fire. From the English.* 16mo. *Pp.* 397. *Boston: Henry Hoyt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.*

Three good and beautiful books for the young, suitable for the home and the Sunday-school.

terferences with our own plans, ual Catalogue of the our own little pleasures. Do we kiss them and take them up and follow in his rear, like Simon the Cyrenian? Or do we toss them from us scornfully, because they are so little, and wait for some great affliction to approve our patience and resignation to his will. Ah, how much might we accommodate to the small matters of religion generally those words of the Lord, "Take heed that ye despise not these little ones!" Despise not thy little sins; they have ru- College of the l. Despise not little duties; they Avenue, New York. Dr. Emily Blackwell, Secretary.—Lippincott Female Institute, Charles-Street Avenue, Baltimore. I. A. Lippincott, A. M., President.

Editor's Table.

THE SABBATH AND THE CIVIL LAW.—The Sabbath is a divine institution, and as such it will always be recognized and observed by all good people who fear and love God, both Jews and Christians; the Jew may still insist on observing the day of original appointment, the seventh day of the week, and the Christian, in grateful remembrance of his Lord's resurrection from the dead, may insist on the first day of the week, but both alike will consecrate to God one day in the seven, for his worship and for man's rest. While it is the appointment of God, yet the Divine Teacher tells us "it was made for man." Wise men in all ages, where the institution has been made known, have promptly recognized in it a most beneficent institution, promotive of man's highest interest both physical and spiritual. Nations, both Jewish and Christian, have readily seen the wisdom of enforcing its obedience on the people, and have enacted civil laws for its preservation and observance. Government, as a wise protector of the people's highest good, has always claimed the right of enforcing good and right things, and maintaining wise and beneficent institutions even against the wishes of the ignorant and vicious. All Christian governments have taken the divine institution of marriage under their care, and all have enacted laws enforcing the great moral principles of the Decalogue. We concede that governments are only concerned with the human and temporal side of these institutions; they have no power to enforce worship, or to command faith and obedience toward God; but they have the right to accept wise and good institutions in their social relations and enforce them upon the people. This has always been done, and always will be done.

In this country the Sabbath is a civil institution, as far as the civil law is concerned. It is recognized by our Government as a beneficent institution, promotive of health, peace, and good order, and, therefore, enjoined upon the people. The civil law commands rest, a cessation from business and labor; it does not command attendance on worship, or any manner of religious service. Most departments of labor and business promptly and gratefully accept this ordinance of the Government, and most of the people see at once the wisdom and beneficence of this arrangement. It is only those questionable kinds of business that are every day an infraction of law and good order, that feel oppressed by this ordinance; rum-shops, beer-saloons, beer-gardens, tobacco-shops, theaters, concerts, etc., rise up in indignation against the law that would suspend their operations on the Sabbath. Existing only by forbearance and patient toleration; nuisances at all times, and centers always of disorder, crime, and pauperism, it is nothing but the height of impudence to demand that they should have rights which are denied to legitimate and reputable occupations. The merchant, the banker, the professional man, the mechanic, and the laborer, gladly close up their places of business and work, and accept from Government and from God this day of rest. From the saloons, and gardens, and theaters, we hear a perpetual howl of oppression when any attempt is made to demand that they too shall suspend operations one day in seven. Why should rum be sold on Sunday, and not broadcloth? Why should beer have a free market on the Sabbath, and not corn and oats? Why should the theater keep open doors, and not the auctioneer's room? We have often wondered that the people engaged in legitimate business, who close up their stores and shops every Saturday night as good citizens, have not long since risen in a perfect storm of indignation and demanded that these vile trades shall close on Sunday as well as their own places of business. It is quite probable the store-keeper, the mechanic, the laborer, etc., could make more money, for a time at least, by continuing their business seven days a week. Yet for God and the good of society they cheerfully yield the seventh to rest, recuperation, and good order. With consummate impudence the rum-seller and the saloon-keeper charge society with oppression and tyranny because she asks the same cessation from business, the same rest and good order from them!

These haters of the Sabbath, seeing at once that there is no possible argument for the continuing of their trades on Sunday while the legitimate and reputable business of the country is suspended, with characteristic impertinence demand that the Sabbath as a civil institution shall be done away entirely. Most of these demands come from a foreign element in our midst, and the demand is usually that our American Sabbath shall be transformed into the European Sunday. Would it be any great stretch of modesty for these adopted citizens to remember that the American Sabbath was here an established institution long before they came? or would it be any great straining of good feeling for them to have a little respect for the cherished institutions of the American people?

But what is this European Sabbath the American people are asked to substitute for their own? Simply no Sabbath at all. In some places the day is absolutely unknown as a day of rest even; and this is the end of the whole movement in that direction—to rob the people finally of a day even of rest and amusement. With the Sabbath once converted into a holiday, it does not require many generations to destroy the holiday and leave nothing. In Russia people are every-where busy at work in the fields; and the market-places in all provincial towns are crowded with peasants selling their produce as on

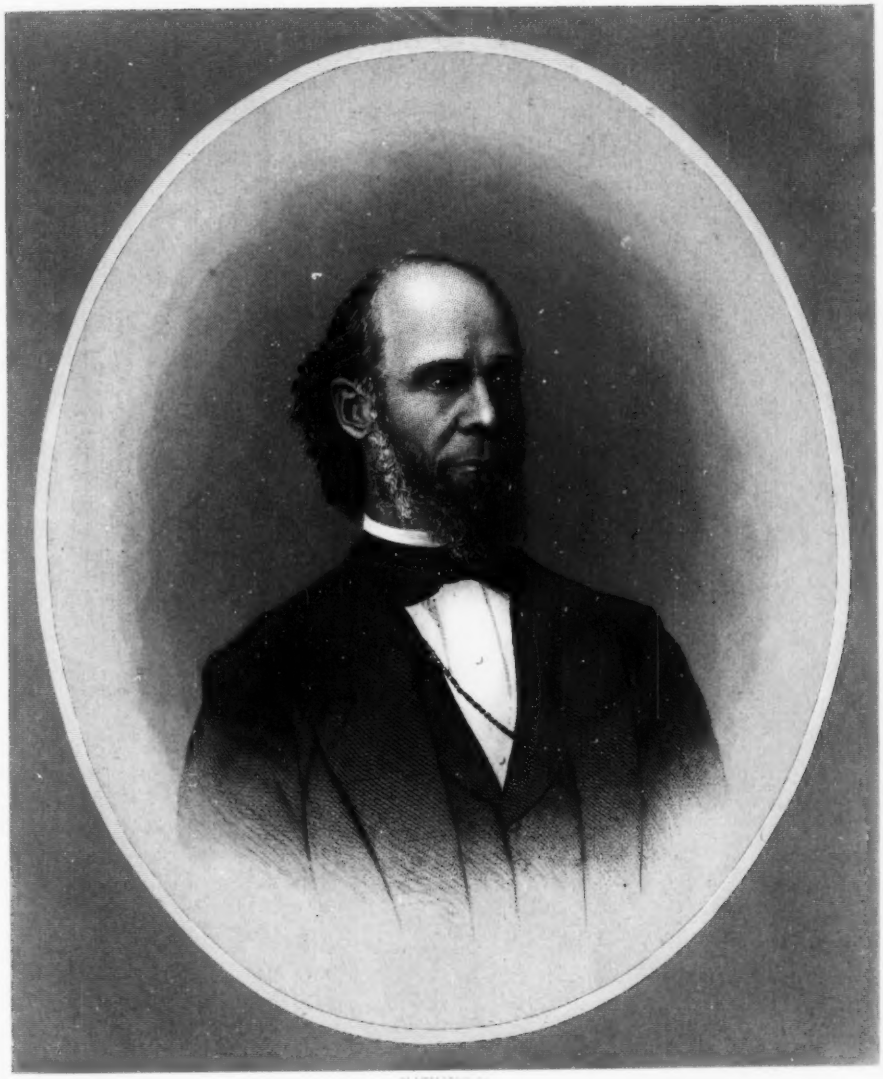
ordinary week days. The Sabbath desecration of Berlin is most lamentable. Sunday is like a common business day. Most of the shops are open and busily frequented, and most of the people wear their week-day clothes. To such an extent had this abolition of the Sabbath gone, that the Government recently took the matter in hand and forbade all business after nine o'clock, ordered all public work to cease, all shops to be closed and the windows covered. During the hours of religious worship no concerts, public assemblies, or processions of any kind are to be permitted, nor the playing of any kind of games or noisy amusements. What do our German citizens say to this reaction in the "father-land?" In Brussels all the shops, stalls in the streets, etc., are open on Sunday, and the every-day business of life no way interrupted. In Paris and throughout France Sunday is the chosen day for military reviews, the inauguration of public buildings and festivals, the day for excursions, balls, promenades, concerts, and festivities of all sorts. Just before the war a correspondent from Paris wrote, Paris is a city without a Sabbath. The laborer commences work very early, and on Sabbath as early as any other day. Workmen engaged on public works may be seen toiling on Sunday as if they had never heard that the Lord had blessed the seventh day and hallowed it. Is this the kind of Sabbath the poor man and the working man desire to have? Yet this is the European Sabbath, and this is always the final result of abolishing God's day of rest. An eye-witness writes, "The streets are scenes of activity and business; stores and shops with few exceptions are open; market men and women push their vegetable and fruit carts about and cry their wares; men jostle each other in the streets as they hurry to and fro; wagons and cabs with their loads rattle along the streets; by far the majority of the people take no notice of the day whatever, either for worship, or rest, or amusement."

England and Scotland only, of all European countries, are distinguished for the quiet, public order, and happy influence of the Lord's day, and they are equally distinguished for their civil and religious liberty, and for the superiority of the masses of the people. An eminent Frenchman was sagacious enough to see the connection between the two. Said Count Montalembert, a devoted Romanist, "Impartial men are convinced that the political education by which the lower classes of the English nation surpass other nations—that the extraordinary wealth of England, and the general well-to-do condition of her people, are clear proofs of the blessing of God bestowed upon this nation for its distinguished Sabbath observance." De Tocqueville attributed the health, good order, intelligence of the masses, and general prosperity of the people of our country, in a great measure to the same cause. "A European," he says, "can not see without astonishment the quiet of the Sabbath day, and no intelligent man can fail to perceive its wonderful influence upon the nation."

We are evidently face to face with this great issue, and the question is now broadly thrust upon the American people, not simply of how far Sabbath desecration may be endured, but the absolute question of any Sabbath at all. We may as well meet it now in its broadest meaning, for this is what the enemies of the Sabbath mean and say: "The so-called Sunday laws and ordinances requiring men to refrain from common labor, and making it a penal offense to do acts on Sunday which are lawful on any other day in the week, and which do not interfere with the public peace or the rights and liberties of any body, must be considered an encroachment upon individual rights, incompatible with the spirit of our State Constitution and the American idea of personal liberty."

There is not an institution in the country enforced by law of which precisely the same thing might not be said. The cry that we are perpetually hearing of "the rights of conscience," "personal freedom," etc., is the sheerest nonsense, and yet our politicians and many of our people quail before it as if it was at once the end of all debate. Are we to have no institutions, no ordinances, no laws in this country, if they happen to touch somebody's "so-called" conscience, or obstruct somebody's licentiousness? No attempt is made in this country to enforce a *religious* Sabbath. Christians can not be made by force, and no mere ecclesiastical definitions of the Sabbath can be enforced on the people. But the American Sabbath is a civil institution, all the better that God gave it and sanctioned it; but the Government has to do with it as a humane institution, a necessity for man, a benevolent arrangement for man's good. As such it is protected by law in our country. The Government demands that every man shall have this one day in seven for rest, that no man shall compel his fellow-man to labor continuously. The law is humane, just, impartial, unsectarian. It is the poor man's friend, the laborer's protector. The masses of our people should be made distinctly to see and understand this. Many imagine that the determined friends of the Sabbath are interfering with their rights; that they are perpetrating a great wrong or injustice in preserving and enforcing the Sabbath. On the contrary the friends of the Sabbath design to secure and perpetuate one of God's own beneficent institutions for the multitudes. Do away with the laws of God and man on this subject, and how long would it be till the Sabbath would entirely pass away, and the poor man, the toiling millions, be left wholly without this period of intermission and rest? As we have seen, it is so already in most parts of Europe, and the people, instead of enjoying a day of rest, or even of amusement and pleasure, pursue their toil and are driven to their tasks on the seventh as well as on the other six days. We can not yield the American Sabbath. The multitudes of the people can not spare it, and their greatest enemies are those who, for sordid gain, or for unrestrained licentiousness, would deprive them of it. Let the people so understand it, and arise in their might for the defense and perpetuation of this beneficent institution bequeathed to us by our fathers.





REV. DANIEL P. KIDDER, D. D.